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Third Series

JULY, 1912

Vol. V. No. 3

Alumni Bulletin

OF THE

University of Virginia



Virginia University

CONFEDERATE VETERAN

ALUMNI REUNION



Charlottesville, Va.

The University of Virginia Press

1912

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Monograph

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C. G. MAPHIS

W. M. HUNLEY

J. C. BARDIN

L. R. SLAVEN

HOWARD WINSTON

C. N. WUNDER

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Business Communications should be addressed to

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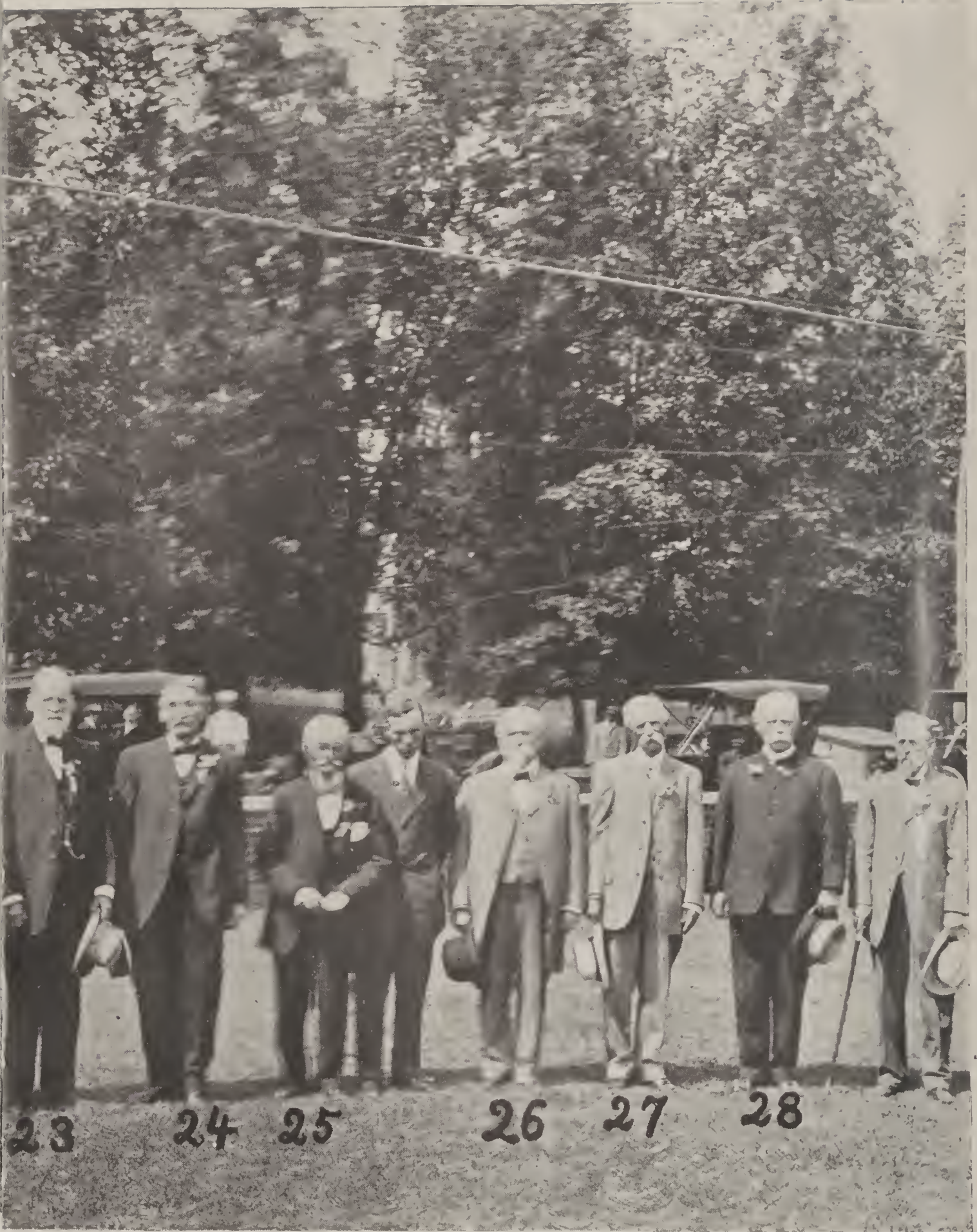
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ALUMNI BULLETIN

Published by the University of Virginia

THIRD SERIES

JULY, 1912

VOL. V.—No. 3

FINAL EXERCISES—1912.

SUNDAY, JUNE 9.

- 11 A. M.—Service and Sermon to Graduates, by Dean Hodges: Chapel.
- 4:30 P. M.—Organ Recital, by Mr. William Jones: Cabell Hall.
- 8 P. M.—Annual Address before Y. M. C. A., by Dr. C. H. Dodd: Cabell Hall.

MONDAY, JUNE 10.

- 10:30 A. M.—Delta Tau Delta German: Gymnasium.
- 8:15 P. M.—Annual Exercises of Literary Societies: Cabell Hall: Seats reserved for Confederate Veteran Alumni. Address by Judge Speer.
- 9 P. M.—Banquet to Veteran Alumni: Local Camp of Confederate Veterans guests of the Alumni: University Commons.

TUESDAY, JUNE 11.—ALUMNI DAY.

- 10 A. M.—Business Meeting of Alumni: Madison Hall.
- 10 A. M.—Phi Kappa Sigma German: Gymnasium.
- 12 Noon—Address to Alumni, by Prof. L. P. Chamberlayne: Seats of honor reserved for Veteran Alumni: Madison Hall.
- 2 P. M.—Alumni Luncheon: Special table reserved for Veteran Alumni: University Commons.
- 5 P. M.—Class Exercises: Seats reserved for Veteran Alumni: Front of Rotunda.
- 8:30 to 10:30 P. M.—Reception and Garden Party: Veteran Alumni guests of honor: Colonnade Club.
- 9:30 P. M.—German Club German: Gymnasium.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 12.

- 11 A. M.—Procession of Visitors, President and Faculty, and Veteran Alumni, Alumni and Graduates, from the Rotunda to Cabell Hall.
- 12 M.—Award of Degrees to the Graduates of 1911-12.
- 1 P. M.—Award of Medals to the Veteran Alumni of 1861-65.
- 2 P. M.—Reception to Graduates and their Friends: Veteran Alumni guests of honor: Madison Hall.
- 8 P. M.—Phi Beta Kappa Exercises: Address by Prof. W. B. Smith: Poem by Mr. Duncan Smith: Madison Hall.
- 9:30 P. M.—Final Ball: Gymnasium.

REUNION OF CONFEDERATE ALUMNI.

FOREWORD.

BY LIBRARIAN JOHN S. PATTON.

More than six hundred students found their way to the lecture rooms of the University in the session of 1860-'61. The catalogue credits two of them to Delaware, two to Pennsylvania, and one to Massachusetts. No other Northern state appears in the list of commonwealths recapitulated as the residences of matriculates of that year. Obviously the young manhood of the University of Virginia was Southern, with souls susceptible to the infection which further north was called "rebellion."

The infection was in the air. These young men from Southern cities and plantations came with it from homes where thinking and feeling were not unusual processes, where every member of the family knew something of the prevailing currents, and where love of home and country was a dominant passion. The tendency of recent years—no matter how produced—had been to substitute a part of the country—the South—for the whole.

They found the same infection in the air when they arrived at the University. The eloquent lips of Holcombe, a law professor, contended for the constitutional right of secession and filled the hearts of students who flocked to his lecture rooms, deserting all other professors when he spoke, with the impulse to resistance. By voice and pen, Bledsoe, profound in all his investigations, and an experienced lawyer, sustained the right of secession and urged its expediency. The student, in his daily life, was in close and sympathetic relation to these and other leaders—to Gildersleeve, who afterwards taught Greek during the session and fought in the field during the vacation; and Coleman, whose tribute to the cause reached its supreme moment in a soldier's death after the battle of Fredericksburg. Under such impelling and guidance these fine young spirits took their way to war. Perhaps no group of men of any age ever did so with a clearer comprehension of the issue as the South saw it at this time. No word was spoken of the rights of

slavery. The insistent demand was for the rights of the states in the Union, and the resolve was to go out of the Union if these rights were denied.

When rapidly converging events in the spring of 1861 made war inevitable the students were ready. After the presidential election of the previous autumn "The Southern Guard," Captain Edward S. Hutter, of Lynchburg, had been organized. Another followed—"The Sons of Liberty," Captain James M. Tosh, of Petersburg. The Lawn and Carr's Hill were their parade grounds, and by April, 1861, much drilling had made them a well-organized and trained body of young soldiers. So competent were they that they were invited to unite with the Albemarle Rifles, Captain R. T. W. Duke, and the Monticello Guard, Captain William Barton Mallory, in a battalion drill arranged to take place on the Lawn in celebration of Jefferson's birthday. By request of the commissioned officers of the citizen companies, Captain Hutter was in command of the battalion. While his troops were drawn up in line a telegram was handed to the young captain, who read it to the great assemblage of eager spectators: "Fort Sumter has surrendered and the Palmetto Flag now floats over its walls."

Four days later with the Monticello Guard of Charlottesville and the Albemarle Rifles they were on the way to Harper's Ferry to impress all its store of arms and munitions of war for the use of Virginia. "Never can I forget the night of the 17th of April, when on the sudden call of the Governor of the state for volunteers to seize the arsenal at Harper's Ferry, the two companies of students enrolled in the University at once offered themselves for the service and made rapid preparation to leave for what we proudly called 'the seat of war.' As we stood drawn up at the station, awaiting the train that was to bear us away to 'fields of glory,' Professor Holcombe read to us the official announcement of the secession of the state, and Lewis Coleman came among us to wish us God speed. He scolded us, indeed, in kindly fashion for 'running away from our books,' but far more eloquent than the 'reproof upon his lip' was 'the smile in his eye.'"¹

1. McCabe: "Virginia Schools before and after the Revolution." Another student company, of later organization, left the Univer-

The twenty men of the session of 1860-'61 who returned the following autumn to haunt the arcades of the University found it lonesome. There were few voices to make the old arches resound, for the total matriculation, including the twenty "old men," was sixty-six, a number smaller than many a professor had been accustomed to see in his class-room in previous years. It was worse during the session of 1862-'63. Only one of the twenty old men of the session of 1861-'62 was back—the solitary remainder of the six hundred and four registered in the catalogue for the session of 1860-'61! As fast as the matriculates reached the proper age they went away with shouldered muskets. Forty-five of the fifty collegians of 1863-'64 were new men, and forty-six of the fifty-five men here in 1864-'65 had never been at the University before. No war session except that of the first year of hostilities found a dozen students entered for a second year of University life. The practice was one session for training and all later time for service of the new confederacy. And the first year matriculates in each of these sessions, it is safe to say, were too young for military service, while the old men were here because they were physically incapable of bearing arms; toward the end of the war the list included some who had been hopelessly disabled by wounds received in the field. Our young men of that day pledged to their ideals all that they had to give, even life. "If anything happens to me," wrote a nineteen-year-old member² of "The Southern Guard" from Winchester, "remember that your son is not afraid to die for the liberties of his country, that he scorns being a Tory, and that he can look up to heaven and ask a blessing upon the cause he is engaged in."

To those who fell there has been no lack of memorials. The fleshly tablets of the heart, tables of bronze, and the printed

sity under command of Captain J. Paran Crane, of Leonard Town, Md. Soon afterwards the Board of Visitors made an order establishing a school of Military Science and Civil Engineering. Professor Bledsoe was made head of this school, but very shortly afterwards removed to Richmond to become assistant secretary of war. Two companies drilled during the vacation, but were never mustered into service. The captains were Robt. E. Lee, Jr., and Chas. W. Trueheart.

2. McKim: "A Soldier's Recollections," p. 26.

page record the glorious story. The Rev. John Lipscomb Johnson, of Virginia, prepared, and, in 1871, published a volume of memorials containing sketches—many of them very valuable—of University of Virginia alumni who went to war and never came back. The subjects of these biographies, about two hundred in number, represented every Southern state, “every religious denomination, every arm of the military service, and every grade short of Major General.” It was a noble tribute.³

Johnson’s labor of love was more than a beginning, and was followed by other proofs of remembrance. The Ladies’ Confederate Memorial Association was organized during the war to serve soldiers in need, if sick or hungry or naked, while alive; to provide, as it did, a place of burial when their campaigning ended in death; and to keep their memory quick in grateful hearts. The University Confederate Cemetery is an expression of their constancy; there these ladies placed Buberl’s fine bronze to typify the buoyant spirit of the young South, and on the walls of the Rotunda they hung beautiful tablets in bronze inscribed with the deathless names of the sons of the University who made the greatest of sacrifices for ideals and convictions. Eighty-six of the names on this roll of honor were those of students who were at study and play in this institution at one time or another between April, 1861, and April, 1865.

On a golden afternoon in May, 1906, these tablets were unveiled. The assemblage heard from Mrs. Noah K. Davis, president of the Association, a part of the interesting story of the thought which became deed in the making of this gift for the University and for remembrance. Dr. J. William Jones, faithful Soldier of the Cross and of the Southern Confederacy and worshiper of God and Lee, recalled the heroic story of the war of which he was a part, and concluded by saying to President Alderman, “Accept, sir, these tablets and preserve them as telling the sacred legacy, the proud heritage which our fallen alumni bequeathed to those who come after us,” and the president, accepting them in the name of the University, added:

3. “The University Memorial:” Biographical sketches of the Alumni of the University of Virginia who fell in the Confederate War. By the Rev. John Lipscomb Johnson, B. A.

“Tears quickly mount to the eye at the thought of these gallant young spirits, passing from this haven of youth and opportunity to the ways of suffering and death, but these tears are wiped away by the revelation of God’s goodness in thus leading them to the mountain tops of honor and glorious service. For let it be remembered by the endless procession of youth who shall gaze with a touch of awe upon these names, that in life they knew and were ruled by the highest emotions, and in death they taught the highest lesson, the very root-matter of all our wisdom—the lesson of duty and of service.”

An event notable for many reasons was made more so by the noble oration of Dr. Randolph H. McKim. The early sixties came back vividly as he recalled his comrades who had followed duty to the firing line and bivouacked there forever: “Many a noble and beloved form stands before me as I speak, many a name dear to memory rises to my lips—that beautiful and brilliant boy, Randolph Fairfax, of Virginia, of high lineage, and still higher ideals of pure manhood, who fell at Fredericksburg, and whose inspiring memoir was circulated by thousands in the army—

‘ . . . I have no ambition
To see a goodlier man’—

that young ‘Sir Galahad,’ Percival Elliott, of Georgia, mortally wounded on the retreat from Petersburg—those brave Maryland boys, Robert B. McKim, Frank Voss, and Kennedy Grogan, and Thos. J. Randolph, of Mississippi—that charming young South Carolinian, Cotesworth Pinckney Seabrook, who fell at Chancellorsville—all these were fighting in the ranks; and so were those brave Virginians, Tom Roane, of Tappahannock, and Mann Page, of Albemarle, and R. W. Ashton, of King George, and F. W. Flood, of Appomattox County, and Bernard Taylor, of Moss Neck, Va., and E. Fontaine, Jr., of Richmond, and T. G. Wertenbaker and J. R. Maupin, both residents at this University, and J. M. Holladay and G. M. Garth, both of this county of Albemarle, and Holmes A. Conrad and H. Tucker Conrad (*par nobile fratrum!*), who fell in each other’s arms, pierced by the same bullet, in the first battle of Manassas.

“Time would fail me to speak of those who held posts of

command, from lieutenants to brigadier-generals:—of dear old David R. Barton, of Winchester, and Austin Brockenborough, and Saml. Hale, and John H. Maury, and John Morris; of Ellis Munford and knightly Benjamin Harrison, who fell, both at Malvern Hill, in 1862; of Wm. S. Shields, of Tennessee; of the two brothers Wrenn, one of them an M. A.; of clever and fascinating Isaac Walke, on Fitz Lee's staff, who fell in the valley in 1864; of John Latané, who died in Capitol prison a wounded prisoner; of George R. Bedinger, one of the 'immortal seven,' who raised the first Confederate flag on the Rotunda, April, 1861, killed at Gettysburg; of the brilliant and accomplished Sandy Pendleton, Stonewall Jackson's chief of staff, who fell at Fisher's Hill, 1864; of William Haskell, of South Carolina (*—O et praesidium et dulce decus meum—*), the brave, the noble, the chivalrous gentleman, pattern of every virtue, slain at Gettysburg; and of William Johnson Pegram, as gallant and chivalrous as he was skillful, who rose from the ranks to be full colonel of artillery, and who fell mortally wounded in the fatal engagement at Five Forks, just before the end of the tragedy."⁴

In the autumn of 1911 President Alderman announced to the faculty that the University desired to call back and entertain at their academic old home the still surviving alumni who as students between '61 and '65 had left the institution to take up arms for the South. The announcement was received with enthusiasm and the following committees were appointed to prepare for the home-coming and reunion: On addresses and service records, Professors John W. Mallet, M. W. Humphreys, R. H. Dabney, H. T. Marshall and Mr. John S. Patton; on arrangements and entertainment, Professors W. M. Thornton, C. Alphonso Smith, A. M. Dobie, J. L. Newcomb and Mr. W. N. Neff.

We have before us now the story of the wonderful days spent here—days of joy for the old heroes and keen and tender emotion for us who saw them.

4. *Io Victis!* Dedicatory oration by Randolph H. McKim, D. D., LL. D., delivered on the porch of the Rotunda May 23, 1906.

HOW THE REUNION WAS PLANNED.

After some preliminary meetings and a careful study of the lists of alumni already available, involving considerable individual correspondence extending over several months, on the first of February, 1912, the following circular was sent out addressed to the names of all presumed survivors among the students of 1860-61 and the succeeding sessions up to 1864-65:

"The authorities of the University of Virginia, looking to a reunion, if possible, at the next Commencement, in June of this year, of the survivors of students who went from the halls of the University into the military or naval service of the Confederate States, wish to collect the names and present addresses of all such survivors, with information as to the following points in each case.

Full name—plainly written.

University session (from 1860-'61 to 1864-'65, inclusive), in which person was a student here.

Date (exact or approximate) at which person entered the Confederate military or naval service (or the like service of Virginia).

Command entered, and rank.

Date (exact or approximate) at which person left such service, with what rank, and under what conditions (honorably discharged by reason of wounds or otherwise, paroled at close of war, or under any other stated circumstances).

Present postoffice address—plainly written.

Any such surviving student, or any one knowing of such student or students, will confer a favor, which will be appreciated, if he will write to the undersigned with as little delay as possible, giving a statement of the particulars called for above.

J. W. MALLETT,
Chairman of Committee."

This resulted in the gradual ascertainment of the existence of 119 men, one of whom, however, died before any further action could be taken. The following committee report to the president of the University accompanied the list of these and gave the reasons for including a few names which seemed to need explanation:

"The committee charged with the duty of collecting the names and addresses of surviving students of the sessions of 1860-'61 to 1864-'65 who served in the Confederate Army presents the following report:

The accompanying printed list includes all of the names which have been secured by an extensive correspondence carried on during the last five months. One additional name—that of Private John S. Harnsberger, of Harrisonburg, Va.—was obtained, but Mr. Harnsberger died before the list was completed. An explanation should be made of the inclusion of two names in the printed list. Adjutant (Judge) Theodore S. Garnett, of Norfolk, Va., early in 1861, not being then a student of the University, enlisted in the service of Virginia, but was obliged to retire from his company (at Richmond, Va.) under an order of General Robert E. Lee excluding from service all under eighteen years of age. Judge Garnett then came to the University (in vacation) and joined one of two cadet companies formed for the purpose of drill under an order of the Board of Visitors establishing a School of Military Tactics. Before the opening of the session of 1861-'62 he again enlisted, now in Confederate service, served throughout the war, and after its close returned to the University as a regular student. As a consequence of his connection (as orderly sergeant) with one of the two cadet companies mentioned having been in vacation his name is not to be found in any of the catalogues of 1860-'61 to 1864-'65; but it seems plainly right that he should be included in the list of those invited to take part in the reunion of June, 1912. Adjutant Chas. C. Wertenbaker was not a student of the University at the outbreak of the war, though he had been not long before, and he was adjutant of the battalion which included the two organized companies formed of University students which went to Harper's Ferry in April, 1861—he remained in military service throughout the war.

All letters and other papers connected with the preparation of this list have been placed on file in charge of the Registrar, Mr. H. Winston.

By order of the Committee,

J. W. MALLET,
Chairman."

To all names on the list was sent the following invitation:

"At the outbreak of the Civil War this University enjoyed a high degree of prosperity and an enviable fame. Nearly 600 students were on her rolls. With scarcely a single exception these young men threw down their books and hastened to the defense of their country.

On this, the anniversary of the day on which two companies of students marched from her lawn for the seat of war, the University invites the return of all survivors from that band of young scholars and patriots, who were both students and soldiers during the years 1861-'65. You were one of them, and her invitation goes to you. She begs that you come back to her as an honored and beloved guest.

With this letter there is enclosed a printed program of the exercises arranged for the period of your desired visit (June 10, 11, 12, 1912).

In the name of the Rector and Visitors and in the name of the President and Faculty this invitation is cordially and affectionately given.

I shall be grateful if you will, at your earliest convenience, inform me whether or not it is your purpose to be present at the Finals and to give us the pleasure of honoring you in the manner indicated. A knowledge of the number returning will be very necessary.

Very sincerely yours,

EDWIN A. ALDERMAN,
President."

It may be of interest to present the following classification of the names included in the list, showing the positions in service of these University of Virginia men:

Brigadier General	1
Colonel	1
Lieutenant Colonel	2
Major	3
Captain	25
Lieutenant	18
Adjutant	6
Surgeon	2

Assistant Surgeon	7
Hospital Steward	1
Sergeant	14
Corporal	3
Private	35
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ANNUAL EXERCISES OF THE LITERARY SOCIETIES.

JUNE 10, 1912.

DELIVERY OF MEDALS.

D. H. RODGERS, president of the Jefferson Literary Society.—As the representative of the Washington and Jefferson Literary Societies I welcome you back to the old University of Virginia. You who left her at the call of duty, fired with that zeal with which men are fired who fight for a sacred cause; you also of the alumni who have left at other times, I welcome you also, especially those who have been members of the old Jefferson and Washington Literary Societies. We feel that your successes have been in a certain sense our successes, your achievements our achievements. It has been the custom of the literary societies for many years to bestow upon certain members of each society a medal. First, a medal is bestowed for excellence in oratory, and second, one is bestowed for excellence in debate. The medals offered by the Washington Society this year are to be presented by Mr. H. M. McManaway, President of the Washington Literary Society.

MR. MCMANAWAY.—It is an ancient custom for the Washington Literary Society to award at the final celebration two medals, one to the best orator, and one to the best debater of the Society. It is my privilege this year to award these medals. In an age when the forces of evil make use of sophistry to advance their purposes, humanity has need of men who can reason logically, think straight-forwardly, present an argument forcefully and clearly, and I have the privilege tonight to present this medal to a gentleman who has not only these qualities

of intellect, but those qualities of heart and of conscience which will lead him to use his gifts aright—William M. Storm, of Frederick, Maryland. Mr. Storm, on behalf of the Washington Society, I present you this medal on which is inscribed, "Best Debater."

Though the words of the man of wisdom concerning books might have been uttered yesterday instead of centuries ago, and though newspapers cover the land, the position of the orator of today is almost equal in importance to that of the orator of Greece or of Rome when a Demosthenes or a Cicero might shake the state from center to circumference. Great orators may be produced but once in a generation, but a man who possesses this gift to any marked degree is set apart from his fellows as a leader. The one to whom I am to present the orator's medal has a college record which indicates that he is capable of assuring that leadership—Mr. Lewis A. Johnson, of Roanoke, Va. Mr. Johnson, on behalf of the Washington Society, I deliver to you this medal as "Best Orator."

MR. RODGERS.—For the third time in the history of the Jefferson Literary Society, so far as it has been possible to find out, both the orator's and the debater's medals were won by the same man—this year by Mr. Wm. A. Adams, of Lexington, Ky. Mr. Adams, as president of the Jefferson Literary Society, I present these medals to you hoping that they may be but two of the many honors which you will receive because of your ability as a speaker and as a debater.

It now becomes my pleasant duty to introduce to you a man whose life has been devoted to public service. At the age of 15, being no longer able to resist the call of the South for more defenders, he slipped away from home and joined the Fifth Kentucky Regiment of the famous Orphut's Brigade. He was a mere stripling; but he was every inch a soldier. After the war was over he entered the University of Georgia, from which he graduated in 1869. At the age of 25 he was solicitor general of Georgia. His state then sent him twice to Congress, both times after a heated campaign against the caucus nominee of his party. He was then appointed United States district attorney, and in 1885 was appointed district judge for the Southern District of Georgia. As judge of this court he has had

some of the most interesting and the most noted cases which have come before the Federal courts in a generation—cases involving constitutional questions, peonage cases, cases involving violations of the anti-trust laws, and of the Interstate Commerce laws, cases involving the embezzlement of millions of dollars of public funds. The decisions which he has handed down in these cases have become the leading authority upon these subjects. He is a man of wonderful energy and wonderful versatility. Although he is weighed down with the exacting labors, which are incident to the judgeship of a Federal district court, he has found time to lecture and speak upon leading questions of the day in every part of the country; he has found time to lecture upon the Storrs Foundation at Yale; he has found time to fill the position of dean of the law department of Mercer University. I have the honor and the very great pleasure of introducing to you a statesman, a noted jurist, an orator, an educator, a soldier of the Southern Confederacy—Judge Emory Speer, of Georgia.

LEE AND THE ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA.

BY EMORY SPEER, LL. D.,

UNITED STATES DISTRICT JUDGE SOUTHERN DISTRICT OF GEORGIA.

*Gentlemen of the Washington and Jefferson Literary Societies,
Comrades, Ladies and Gentlemen:*

In the Capitol at Washington, a hall is devoted to the images of our illustrious dead. The chamber is worthy of its consecration. It is the old Hall of Representatives. There once rang the musical voice of Clay, the lucid periods of Calhoun, and the sweet thunders of Webster. There in storied marble or enduring bronze, stand the mighty, whose patriotic imagination conceived, or whose military prowess made possible the Great Republic, whose prescient statesmanship framed, or whose reason and eloquence defended its organic law, whose inventive genius enchains the mysterious forces of nature for its service, or whose scientific skill ameliorates the sufferings of its people. Majestic monitors to the day, when the night has fallen, in ghostly shadows the silent gathering stands, as if to guard the liberty and happiness of the people whom they loved so well. Each State may place the sculptor's conception of her two most illus-

trious sons. Virginia, from her golden roll, has chosen George Washington, and the only name in the recorded pages of time to be spoken in the hazardous connection—Robert Edward Lee.

At Stratford, an ancient home of the Lees, on the 19th of January, 1807, the hero chieftain was born. Stratford had been erected for a famous ancestor by joint contributions from the East India Company and a Queen of England. The room in which the child was born had witnessed the birth of two signers of the Declaration of Independence, both Lees. No American had a prouder lineage, and no other depended on lineage less. His father was General Henry Lee, "Light Horse Harry," as he was known by his loving and admiring comrades of the Continental Army. This distinguished officer was a great favorite with the patriot Commander. His mother had been Lucy Grimes, that "Lowland beauty" on whom the ever susceptible Washington bestowed in his youth a share of that devotion for the fair sex which ever animates the truly great. But Henry Lee did not secure his promotion in the Continental Army through the romantic affection of Washington. He was an accomplished and skillful officer. His command was declared to be "the finest that made its appearance in the arena of the Revolutionary War." It was composed of equal proportions of cavalry and infantry, all picked officers and men. It is interesting to know that in this command of the father of General Lee there rode Peter Johnston, the father of General Joseph E. Johnston, ever the bosom friend of our Lee, and the commander of another Confederate army, which, rivalling in all soldierly qualities the veterans of the Army of Northern Virginia, but for his untimely removal, thousands believe would have made the red hills of Georgia as victorious in defensive battle as the plain of Marathon, or the slopes of Waterloo.

The Revolutionary War ended, General Henry Lee began a civil career, not less notable and valuable than his military services. A member of the Virginia Convention of 1788, he advocated the Federal Constitution; Governor of Virginia; Commander of the troops sent by Washington to quell the insurrection in Western Pennsylvania, a member of Congress and on the death of Washington the author of the perfect tribute, "first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen."

On the 25th of March, 1818, returning from the tropics, where he had gone in search of health, the father of Robert E. Lee died at beautiful Dungeness, on Cumberland Island, in my own state, and the stone which marks his resting place for nearly a century has been caressed by mosses pendent from Georgian oaks, and wooed by Georgia winds, which o'er the ashes of this hero of the Revolution there dispel the fragrance of the magnolia and the bay.

It is not generally known, I believe, that Robert E. Lee was the blood relative of John Marshall, the great Chief Justice, and of Thomas Jefferson, the author of the Declaration of Independence, and founder of the University of Virginia. Marshall's mother, Mary Keith; Jefferson's mother, Jane Randolph, and Lee's grandmother, Mary Bland, were all granddaughters of Colonel William Randolph. The home of this Colonial ancestor of illustrious descendants was on an island in the James from whose shores in after years one might have heard the thunder of McClellan's artillery at Malvern Hill, and the ripping fire of Lee's riflemen, when at Petersburg they were steadily holding Grant at bay.

The mother of Robert E. Lee was the second wife of Henry Lee. Her name was Anne Hill Carter. This gentle and lovely woman was the daughter of Charles Carter of "Shirley," a noble mansion on the James. To the care of young Robert his mother was committed, when the declining health of his father compelled him to seek relief in the West Indies, and she declared that her affectionate guardian was both a daughter and a son to her. The purity, gentleness, and spiritual Christianity of General Lee was no doubt largely ascribable to the influence of the mother, and the constant association of mother and son, so beautiful to the people of Alexandria of that day, for to that historic old town the boy had been taken that he might attend school.

In the year 1825, he sought admission to the Military Academy at West Point. Presented to General Andrew Jackson, the charming modesty of the manly and athletic youth appealed at once to the soldierly heart and experienced eye of "Old Hickory," who secured the appointment for him. In four years of rigorous discipline and arduous study in that famous institu-

tion, he never received a demerit, was cadet officer, adjutant of his class, a prime distinction, and among forty-six classmates graduated second. By army regulations, the cadets who graduate with honors are assigned to the Engineers, and so in 1829, Lee was appointed to this corps de elite of the regular army.

Like Napoleon, he was a great mathematician, and also like the Emperor, was very averse to drink. While the Army of Northern Virginia was in winter quarters at Fredericksburg, a number of officers were one night busily engaged in discussing an abstruse mathematical problem, with occasional resort to the contents of a stone jug, environed by two tin cups. While thus absorbed, General Lee quietly came in to make some inquiry. At their urgent request he gave a solution of the problem and departed, the military disciples of Newton and LaPlace indulging the hope that the General had not observed the jug and cups. The next day one of them unhappily imparted to General Lee a very strange dream he had experienced the night before. The General quietly replied: "That is not at all remarkable. When young gentlemen at midnight discuss mathematical problems, the unknown quantities of which are a stone jug and two tin cups, they may expect to have strange dreams."

Lieutenant Lee was soon absorbed with the most important duties of his corps. He was assistant engineer upon the defenses of Hampton Roads, and for a time Assistant to the Chief Engineer at the War Department in Washington. He developed such skill, that in 1835 he was made assistant astronomer of the commission appointed to define the boundary between Ohio and Michigan, and soon was entrusted with the duty, successfully performed, of preventing the Mississippi from leaving its channel, and destroying the city of St. Louis.

In the meantime, on the 30th of June, 1831, he was united in marriage to Mary Curtis, the daughter of George Washington Park Custis, of Arlington. The father of his bride was a grandson of Mrs. Martha Washington, and the adopted son of Washington himself. It is said by one of his most interesting biographers that Lee was in love from his boyhood. Sweethearts were doubtless numerous, for in the esteem of the gentler sex, the profession of arms is rivalled only by the clergy of those

pious denominations with whom celibacy is the exception and not the rule. It is said that the young mistress of Arlington gave evidence of her modest admiration whenever he came to Alexandria on a furlough from the Military Academy. A handsome youth, in his cadet uniform he was irresistible, "straight, erect, symmetrical in form, with finely shaped head on a pair of broad shoulders." The wedding at historic Arlington was witnessed by a happy assemblage of fair women and brave men from two states, and from the capital of all the states. A contemporary chronicler declares that the stately mansion never held a happier assemblage. As to the bride, writes that preux chevalier, Fitzhugh Lee, it is difficult to say whether she was more lovely on that memorable June evening, or when after many years had passed, she was seated in her arm chair in Richmond, busily engaged in knitting socks for the sockless Southern soldiers.

The most ardent passion in the heart of this illustrious American was his enduring love for wife and children. But he was not more devoted than discreet. One of his biographers recounts that when his eldest son, General Custis Lee, was a very little child, his father took him to walk in the snow one winter's day. For a time he held the little fellow's hand, but soon the boy dropped behind. Looking over his shoulder, he saw Custis imitating his every movement, with head and shoulders erect, putting his little feet exactly in his father's foot-prints. "When I saw this," said the General, "I said to myself, it behooves me to walk very straight, when this fellow is already following in my tracks."

His care for his children was not confined to their childhood. Late in life, he writes to his son, Robert E. Lee, Jr., "I am clear for your marriage, if you select a good wife; otherwise you had better remain as you are for a time. An improvident or uncongenial woman is worse than the minks." Doubtless the General knew these bad minx, and doubtless also they are extinct in Virginia now.

When General Winfield Scott was in 1846 entrusted with our small but most efficient army, intended for the conquest of the City of Mexico, Robert E. Lee, now Captain of Engineers,

was selected by that great soldier as a member of his personal staff. So profound was the impression his brilliant and daring service made on his veteran commander, that years afterward General Scott exclaimed to General Preston, of Kentucky: "If I were on my deathbed tomorrow, and the President of the United States should tell me that a great battle was to be fought for the liberty or slavery of the country, and ask my judgment as to a commander, I would say with my dying breath, 'Let him be Robert E. Lee.'"

The Mexican war over, with several brevets for distinguished service, he came home and aided in constructing the defensive works of Baltimore harbor; and served for three years as Superintendent of the United States Military Academy. Two new regiments of cavalry having in 1855 been authorized by act of Congress, Captain and Brevet Colonel Lee of the Engineers was promoted to be the Lieutenant Colonel of the second regiment. Afterwards he became Colonel of the first regiment. The latter was his command at the outbreak of hostilities between the Northern and the Southern States.

We have now reached the period in the life of this illustrious man when he modestly stepped to the foremost place among the military leaders of the English-speaking race. It was as General in Chief of the Confederate armies that Lee achieved this pre-eminence in the profession of arms, and was subjected to that fierce and for long implacable animosity attendant upon the passions of a furious internecine war. But most fortunately for American character, the magnanimity of popular government has at length worked its perfect work. Our rational countrymen, North and South, to a man repel the slightest imputation on the military and personal honor of Robert E. Lee. And more, they now concede that Southern men may rejoice in the reunited Nation and yet yield not a heart throb of devotion to the noble soldiery of the South, and their incomparable chieftain. Now with the national brotherhood restored, every Confederate soldier's grave will be the trust immortal of our reunited land. Whether he sleeps where the withered leaves of the Wilderness rustle to the eddying gust, or in the dank swamps where Mississippi pours his turbid volume to the Gulf, or

by Shenandoah's crystal waters or by Chickamauga's sullen flood, there

"Honor points the hallowed spot
Where valor proudly sleeps."

Notwithstanding the perfect reunification, in which all Americans of all sections now rejoice, it is true that unqualified devotion to our country, and our whole country, has broadened but "slowly down from precedent to precedent" while successive generations of the American people have lived and died.

In 1792, Mr. Madison inquired of Henry Lee, if he would relinquish his station as Governor of Virginia and take command of the army in the Northwest Territory. The Virginian replied: "One objection only I should have, and that is the abandonment of my native country." Again, in 1798 and 1799, when the Virginia Resolutions were under discussion, the father of General Lee exclaimed: "Virginia is my country, her will I obey, however lamentable the fate to which it may subject me."

And if we turn from Virginia, and the other American states called Southern, to certain regions more hyperborean, we will discover that upon Northern contemporaries of Henry Lee the Union and the Constitution did not have a controlling and unbreakable hold.

Writing of certain New England statesmen, no less an authority than Senator Lodge, of Massachusetts, records: "The men who were prominent in 1804 had formed our present Union from pure motives of policy and they regarded separation in exactly the same way."

Mr. Jefferson was then President. There was strong probability of his re-election. The great Virginian indeed soon carried every state in the Union except Connecticut and Delaware. Then it was that Timothy Pickering, Fisher Ames, George Cabot, Theophilus Parsons, of Massachusetts; Roger Griswold, of Connecticut; William Plummer, of New Hampshire, and other renowned sons of New England discussed the dissolution of the Union in a tone which Mr. Lodge has declared "may well startle the present generation."

And wrote Mr. Schouler, the New England historian: "An Eastern Confederacy, they thought, might be coaxed off from

the Union, to embrace all of New England, with New York added, and possibly New Jersey on the South. With Canada and Nova Scotia peaceably annexed, and with a commercial alliance with Great Britain, they might disconnect themselves utterly and forever from the South, and the Western Scythia, for which they cared nothing."

On the other hand, Mr. Jefferson's electors had a dinner at the Swan Tavern, in Richmond, toasted the Union, and hurled the charge of treason at the New England Federalists, who they declared were then plotting the establishment of a separate Northern Confederacy.

Monstrous indeed was the arrogant and defiant growth of eastern state sovereignty and disrespect for the national law. The embargo of 1808 was treated with as little respect in New England as the Tariff of 1832 in South Carolina. No meaner witness than John Quincy Adams himself declares that the "Essex Junto" planned a convention to consider secession in that year.

In 1811 came the debate on the admission of Louisiana. The project of a Pelican State was provocation unendurable. Said Josiah Quincy, of Massachusetts, "If this bill passes, the bonds of this Union are virtually dissolved; the states which compose it are free from their moral obligations, and as it will be the right of all, so it will be the duty of some to prepare definitely for the separation, amicably if they can, violently if they must."

And there, too, was Mr. Webster, in later days the God-like defender of the Constitution. Opposing the war of 1812, and especially the conscript law of Congress, he declared: "It will be the solemn duty of the state governments to protect their own authority over their own militia, and to interpose between their citizens and arbitrary power." Said Professor Van Tyne, who edited the letters of this illustrious son of New England, "When Webster 'threatens that the state government will interfere,' we wonder if Hayne and Calhoun went any further."

The country was now in the agony of the second war for independence. Washington was soon taken by the British and the Capitol and our public buildings destroyed. It was the hour of the country's deepest humiliation. Napoleon had fallen. Relieved of Continental dangers, the military and naval power of

Great Britain was now directed with overwhelming force against New Orleans and the Louisiana Purchase. While the British line of battle ships which had won at Trafalgar, and the British veterans who had driven the Marshals of Napoleon from Spain and routed his armies in the South of France, were hastening to the mouth of the Mississippi, with sanguine anticipation General Pickering, separationist, of Massachusetts, wrote: "If the British succeed in the expedition against New Orleans, and if they have tolerable leaders, I see no reason to doubt of their success, I shall consider the Union as severed." Strange language this for an American. He continues, "This consequence I deem inevitable, and I do not expect to see a single representative in the next Congress from the western states."

At this dark hour, on December 15, 1814, the Hartford Convention met. To this body the Legislature of Massachusetts had sent twelve delegates. Among them were the historic names of Otis and Cabot; Connecticut sent seven; Rhode Island added more; Vermont and New Hampshire refused to take state action, but one delegate was accepted from the first and two from the last. The Convention comprised twenty-six in all. Alas, one name great in the formation of the government, hailed the gathering as "the star in the East, the day spring of freedom and glory." This was Gouverneur Morris. He had pronounced the funeral eulogy upon Hamilton, and to his lucid pen we mainly owe the style of the Constitution itself. The deliberations of the Convention were conducted with profound secrecy. But the Virginian in the White House had a military observer, one Major Jessup, on the scene. Four years later a meager sketch of its proceedings was delivered by Mr. Cabot to the authorities of the state. There is some ambiguity lurking in this report, but the honest pen of the "Old Man Eloquent," John Quincy Adams, has recorded: "The Hartford Convention was intended as the preliminary step to the attainment of the object of the conspirators, the dissolution of the Union."

Resolutions to this end were adopted. The states of Connecticut and Massachusetts promptly dispatched commissioners to Congress to present the demand of the Convention. But they were never heard by that body. Before the commissioners reached the capital, the Stars and Stripes were streaming from

every house top. The heavens were rended with the acclamations of victorious Americanism, and the salvos of triumphant artillery. The news had come that the sires and the grand sires of the men of Lee and Johnston, of Wheeler and Forest, of the Louisiana Brigade of Stonewall Jackson, and of many another American who wore the gray, under the command of another Southern Jackson, with fire more deadly and constant than ever heard on American soil against a foreign foe, had shot to extermination the most renowned regiments of the British army, had slain Pakenham, the brother-in-law of the Iron Duke himself; New Orleans and the Mississippi valley were saved; the Union was saved. The commissioners pocketed their resolutions, and with quick dexterity posted to home and safety.

But this is not all. Thirty years roll by. Alexander H. Stephens, afterward Vice-President of the Confederate States, introduced a joint resolution in congress for the admission of Texas. It met instant opposition in New England. On March 15, 1844, the legislature of the Bay State resolved: "That the project of the annexation of Texas, unless arrested on the threshold, may tend to drive these states of New England into a dissolution of the Union." From the view point of the American patriot, how incomparably superior to all of this was the action of Lee. Eighteen years have passed. The awful hour to our Southern hero has come. With supreme aversion to the destruction of the Union he declares: "I am willing to sacrifice everything but honor for its preservation." To his sister he writes: "The whole South is in a state of revolution into which Virginia, after a long struggle, has been drawn. With all my devotion to the Union . . . I have not been able to make up my mind to raise my hand against my relatives, my children, my home."

Then came to him the supremest temptation ever offered to one who possessed his genius for war. It was a message from the President of the United States offering to him the supreme command of the active armies of the Union about to take the field. "If I owned," he replied, "the four million slaves in the South, I would be willing to sacrifice them all to the Union, but how can I draw my sword upon Virginia, my native State?"

Deny him place by Washington! Ah, if the winds of the

prophet had breathed upon the slain that they might live, caught from the wall at Mt. Vernon by the reincarnated hand of the Father of his Country, the defensive blade of Washington would have gleamed beside the sword of Lee.

Napoleon has said that Marshal Turenne was the only example of a General, who grew bolder as he grew older. The campaigns of Lee will demonstrate that aggressive from the first, his audacity was intensified until the final day at Appomattox. Indeed, the predominant features of his generalship are a daring audacity, associated with the clearest penetration of his adversaries' designs, the profoundest combinations of original strategy and an influence with his soldiers, unsurpassed by that of a Napoleon or a Caesar.

Holding with a small force the fortifications of Richmond in June, 1862, and summoning to his aid from the valley of Virginia the intrepid command of Stonewall Jackson, he boldly determined to cut loose from his entrenchments, assail the right flank of McClellan, sweep down the north side of Chickahominy, roll up the long lines of his opponent, raise the siege of the Confederate capital, and if possible capture the gallant and powerful army by which it was threatened.

The astonishing military genius of his lieutenant, whom General Lee now called to his aid, General Thomas Jonathan Jackson, immortalized as "Stonewall," has cast unfading luster on the arms of the American soldier. This great commander had amazed the world with his campaign in the valley of Virginia. His thoughts were ever with God. A Presbyterian, and one of that numerous element, the Southern Puritans, his lofty forehead and iron jaw confirmed his statement that to be under a heavy fire filled him with "delicious excitement." It was General Ewell who declared that he admired Jackson's genius, but that he never saw one of his couriers approach without expecting an order to assault the North Pole. This illustrious leader, with his seasoned veterans, eluding the army of McDowell in his front, now swiftly joined Lee on his left, when they drove their blazing lines upon the foe. In seven successive days of furious fighting, McClellan after tremendous losses was driven to the James, the siege of Richmond raised, and the Union army transferred by water to the defense of the Union capital itself. In

the meantime, Lee had determined if possible to expel his enemy from the soil of Virginia, and with little respite for his army, now flushed with victory, moved northward against the army of Major General Pope. This officer was the possessor of no small degree of military capacity. He was, however, not more infelicitous in the result of his contest with Lee, than in the proclamations with which he announced his fixed purpose to destroy the Confederate army. He stated that his "headquarters would be in the saddle;" that he was not accustomed "to see anything of rebels but their backs," etc. General Lee started Stonewall for this confident warrior. General McClellan, who was a highly scientific commander, was anxiously observing the situation, and his apprehensions were not altogether allayed by Pope's proclamations. He wired to the War Department in Washington: "I don't like Jackson's movements. He will suddenly appear when least expected." McClellan was prophetic, Jackson struck Pope with terrific impact at Cedar Mountain, by a tremendous forced march swept around his flank, tore up the railroad in his rear, captured much artillery, many prisoners, and several long trains loaded with store and munitions of war. The fierce "foot cavalry" as they were now called, of Jackson revelled for a time in luxuriant plenty. They were not now as usual violating the scriptural admonition by asking, "what shall we eat, or what shall we drink, or wherewithal shall we be clothed." But now Pope, perceiving the exposed position of this Confederate force, informed General McDowell that he would "bag Jackson and his whole crowd." However, that great soldier, after his men were stuffed to repletion with the satisfying "commissaries" destined for the nourishment of Pope's army, bearing off everything not too hot to hold, or too heavy to carry, set fire to the rest, and all undismayed marched away. Pope hastened to Manassas. Jackson was not there. Misled by the track of two divisions, which the Confederate to deceive him had artfully sent in that direction, Pope posted off to Centerville. But his foeman was *non est inventus*. In the meantime "Old Jack," as his men affectionately called him, with "all his war paint on," was in line of battle behind the cut of an unfinished railroad stretching from the Warrenton turnpike in the direction of Sudley's mill. There it suited him to make his fight.

Against this single isolated corps of Lee's army, Pope, having been tremendously re-inforced by McClellan, directed a dreadful attack. The disproportion in numbers against the gray fighters seems terrifying, but with unshaken tenacity they held their ground. In the meantime, Longstreet's columns came pouring swiftly through Thoroughfare Gap, and Lee, massing his artillery against the flank of Pope's army and directing against it the flaming advance of the Confederate infantry, the attack on Jackson was paralyzed. The Union army swept from the field with fearful loss, takes refuge in the entrenchments at Washington, and the victory is complete. Well may the exultant boys in gray lilt their rude marching song:

"Lee formed his line of battle,
Said, 'Boys you need not fear,
For Longstreet's in our center,
And Jackson's in their rear.'"

Not content with these successes, General Lee determined to carry the war into his enemy's country. The Army of Northern Virginia, its bands playing the inspiring strains of "Maryland, my Maryland," forded the Potomac, while Jackson assailed a large force at Harper's Ferry and reduced that place. Leaving another to arrange the details of the surrender, Jackson marched with surprising swiftness to join Lee at Sharpsburg, where the latter was confronted by the magnificent army of McClellan, who had been called forth to save the National Capital. General Lee was now in great danger. Nothing indeed saved him but the skill of his military dispositions and the desperate determination with which his slender line of infantry, with little artillery support, for hour after hour beat back and fought to exhaustion one of the bravest and most powerful armies ever assembled under the Stars and Stripes. General Lee at his leisure coolly withdrew his army across the Potomac. Here he was followed, but with such display of caution by McClellan that the government at Washington removed him from command. General Burnside, a courtly gentleman and a heroic soldier, was now entrusted with the task of taking Richmond.

The winter was at hand and Burnside moved his gigantic force to Fredericksburg. From the heights of Stafford, like Moses on Pisgah, he "viewed the landscape o'er," but "sweet

fields beyond the swelling flood" enchanted not his vision. Instead the grim spectacle of Lee's gray fighters, holding every coign of vantage, inviting him to come across. So indeed he did, and through one of the bloodiest days in all its glorious history, the army of the Potomac again and again essayed to break those fierce lines which barred its way to Richmond. The carnage was fearful, but the desperate enterprise of the Union army was impossible. For a moment, in that portion of the line commanded by Stonewall Jackson, the Confederate formation was broken, but the brave division of General Jubal Early came rushing to the point of danger. Ever jocular in the moment of greatest peril, the shouts of these farmer boys were heard above the roar of battle, and the shriek of shells: "Here comes old Jubal; let Jubal straighten that fence." The fence was straightened and not again broken. Jackson's men feigned to ascribe their temporary disorder to the fact that their General had that day replaced his ordinarily dingy suit with a bright new uniform resplendent with gold lace. Some of them said that "Old Jack was afraid of his clothes and would not get down to his work."

After this crushing defeat, General Burnside was removed, and General Hooker was placed in command of the Union army. Crossing the Rappahannock and Rapidan above Fredericksburg without resistance, the morning of April 30, 1863, found his army concentrated at Chancellorsville. The official records accord his effective strength: Infantry 111,000, Cavalry 11,000, Artillery 8,000, one hundred and thirty thousand in all. Longstreet, with Lee's strongest corps, was absent. With Lee's colors were only 57,000 men. The odds were thus nearly three to one against the men in gray. General Sedgwick had crossed the river below Fredericksburg with a force of 24,000 men. It was presumed that Lee would confront this powerful demonstration on his right, and thus enable Hooker to move down the river and overwhelm his flank.

In the meantime Stuart's cavalry had kept the Confederate Commander advised. The cool judgment of Lee was not disturbed. He saw that Sedgwick was three miles below Fredericksburg, and that Hooker was ten miles above. He determined with a small detachment to retard the march of Sedgwick, to move on Hooker, and crush him before he could get out of the

Wilderness. On the morning of the first of May, General Hooker, persuaded that Lee was attempting to stand off Sedgwick thirteen miles away, put his massive army in motion on the road towards Fredericksburg; but when the head of his columns debouched from the forest, to his amazement he beheld the ragged and insolent veterans of Lee advancing in line of battle. Hooker was a soldier of fame and a man of intrepid courage. He had meant to attack Lee, but he had not thought, it seems, that Lee might attack him. Perceiving that Lee's men would destroy the heads of his columns as fast as they would come out of the woods, Hooker ordered his army to swiftly fall back to their lines around Chancellorsville. Lee as swiftly followed. The Confederate leader soon discovered that frontal attack on Hooker's strong entrenchments was impracticable; but that night a militant parson, the Rev. Dr. Lacy, came with Stuart to Lee, and informed him that it was practicable to move around by the Wilderness tavern, and strike Hooker on his right flank. Jackson was immediately ordered to make this movement.

The next morning witnessed the last meeting, in this life, between Lee and Jackson. Lee was standing hard by the bivouac, watching Jackson's troops as they sped by with the untiring pace of the forced march. Jackson stopped and exchanged a few words with his noble chief, and speedily rejoining his troops, their last parting was over. The Duke of Wellington, it is said, declared, "A man of fine Christian sensibilities is totally unfit for the position of a soldier," but of this incomparable pair it is true that all the bloody annals of our race contain no account of two others who surpassed them in military genius or achievement, and of no other with more implicit faith in the promise to the Christian of salvation and immortal life beyond the grave.

The sequel of the movement of Jackson's corps is familiar history. Fitzhugh Lee by personal reconnoissance had located the exact position of the Union right, and conducted the great leader and his terrible infantry to the point of attack. Swiftly forming his divisions as they came up, at right angles to Hooker's line, Jackson's men with their appalling yell burst upon the unsuspecting Federals. It is declared that "rabbits and squirrels ran, and flocks of birds flew, in front of the advance of these twenty-six thousand men, who had dropped so suddenly into

their forest haunts." The surging, seething sea swept away all barriers. Lee's audacity had won. Hooker's right had been fairly turned and rolled to a sheet of flame upon his center.

Now the night had fallen. In the confusion and darkness, Stonewall Jackson fell by the fire of his own men. Jackson had lost his left arm; Lee, as he declared, the right arm of his army. To the last, Jackson's men upheld to the uttermost their renown as incomparable soldiers, but never again did men behold the fire and fury of their battle, as when driven by the flaming energy of that impetuous soul, now gone to its reward. The next morning the battle was renewed. After a bloody day, Hooker and Sedgwick were both driven across the Rappahannock, and for two years more the Stars and Bars were to float defiantly above the Confederate capital.

With his army at the very acme of its morale and efficiency, General Lee now determined to again cross the Potomac. Thus the campaign of Gettysburg began. Never so formidable was that heroic American army of the Southern states, seasoned and inured to war, which marched under their shot-riven battle flags to Gettysburg, the high water mark of the Confederacy. The story of this battle of Titans is an oft-told tale. I will not discuss the causes of disaster there to the army of Northern Virginia. The profession of arms and the students of military history the world around discuss it. But it is known of all men that it was ascribable neither to error of strategy, to faulty dispositions on the part of the Confederate commander, nor to the want of valor and enthusiasm by his devoted soldiery. Beyond the nobility, almost superhuman, of assuming the blame himself, Lee was silent. From his lips no word of censure ever fell upon the military renown of his corps commander, the intrepid and immovable Longstreet, but he often said: "If General Jackson had been there, we would have won a great victory."

We have seen Lee in victory. Let us for a moment regard him in defeat. Pickett's Division had been destroyed. In the hour of their repulse, the Confederate officers and men were every moment expecting the counter-stroke with which at Waterloo Wellington had crushed Napoleon. Colonel Freemantle, of the Coldstream Guards, is our witness. Said that distinguished

officer of the British Army: "The further I got, the greater became the number of wounded. At last I came to a perfect stream of them flocking through the woods in numbers as great as the crowd in Oxford street in the middle of the day. Some were walking along on crutches composed of two rifles, others were supported by men less badly wounded than themselves, and others were carried on stretchers; but in no case did I see a sound man helping the wounded to the rear, unless he carried the red badge of the ambulance corps. They were still under a heavy fire; shells were continually bringing down great limbs of trees, and carrying further destruction amongst this melancholy procession." Colonel Freemantle continues: "The conduct of General Lee was perfectly sublime. He was engaged in rallying and encouraging the broken troops, and was riding about, a little in front of the wood, quite alone—the whole of his staff being engaged in a similar manner further to the rear. His face, which is always placid and cheerful, did not show signs of the slightest disappointment, care, or annoyance; and he was addressing to every soldier he met words of encouragement. . . . He spoke to all the wounded men that passed him, and the slightly wounded he exhorted to 'bind up their hurts and take up a musket' in this emergency. Very few of them failed to answer his appeal, and I saw many badly wounded men take off their hats and cheer him. He said to me, 'this has been a sad day for us, Colonel,—a sad day, but we can't expect always to gain victories.'" It was difficult, said Colonel Freemantle, to exaggerate the critical state of affairs as they appeared about this time. General Lee and his officers were evidently fully impressed with a sense of the situation; yet there was much less noise, fuss, or confusion of orders than at an ordinary field day. The men as they were rallied in the woods were brought up in detachments, and lay down quietly and coolly in the positions assigned to them.

Two days after this terrible and disastrous fighting, the retreating army of Lee again came under the observation of this critical and impartial observer. There were no signs of disorder or defeat. He writes: "The road was full of soldiers marching in a particularly lively manner—the wet and mud seemed to have produced no effect whatever on their spirits, which were

as boisterous as ever. They had got hold of colored prints of Mr. Lincoln, which they were passing about from company to company, with many remarks upon the personal beauty of Uncle Abe. 'The same old chaff was going on of 'come out of that hat—I know you are in it—I see your legs a dangling down,' " etc.

Indeed the evidence of impartial observers, of Confederate officers, and of the events after the battle, notwithstanding the loss of twenty thousand four hundred and fifty-one men, is that the morale of Lee's Army was in little or nothing impaired. It had inflicted a loss upon its gallant opponents of twenty-three thousand and three, killed, wounded and captured. No serious attack was made upon its retreating columns. General Meade afterward, before the Congressional Committee on the Conduct of the War, testified that he saw no sign of disorder or demoralization in Lee's army. Indeed, so severe was the blow it had inflicted upon General Meade, and so cautious was his advance, that, nettled by criticisms from Washington, the General of the victorious army at once tendered the resignation of his command.

But General Meade was not to blame for his caution. It is obvious that before there can be a pursuit, there must be somebody to run away, and nobody ran from Gettysburg. Indeed, after the first Manassas, a routed or disorganized army was scarcely seen on either side in the great Civil War. Foreign and scientific military writers concede that for hard and stubborn fighting Americans hold the record. The opposing armies were of the people. When the call to arms came, the plow was stopped in the furrow, the whirl of machinery was hushed, and the hammer slumbered voiceless on the anvil. Oh, how quickly they came, and how gallantly and lightly they marched into the valley and the shadow of death. But when they closed with the foe on the crest of battle, theirs was the blood and nerve, the king of terrors himself could not appall. Four years of deadly fighting, dreadful suffering, and unshaken constancy, convinced the world that the military virtues of the American soldier have never been surpassed.

But few of those who made this record remain. Most are old and worn. The untiring step which kept the pace of the forced march is now feeble. The hand that pulled the lanyard

or guided the steed is tremulous. The clear eye that glanced along the deadly rifle is growing dim, and soon the last of the venerable throng shall

"Sink to rest,
With all his countries wishes blest."

Then will the nation

"Give in charge their names to the sweet Lyre,
The historic Muse, proud of the sacred treasure,
Will go marching with it down to latest times,
And Sculpture in her turn give bond in stone and ever during
brass,
To guard and to immortalize the trust."

The winter of '63 and '64 was devoted by General Lee to unremitting efforts to strengthen his army for the dreadful campaigns to come. The Confederacy had been cut in two by the fall of Vicksburg. The presence of hostile armies in North Georgia had restricted the resources of the Army of Northern Virginia to three states, and these were denuded to the soil. But scanty supplies could be forwarded. The condition of the railroads and rolling stock was irremediable. All of the ports were now tightly blockaded save Wilmington, and that was closed with the fall of Fort Fisher. The impossibility of feeding his men overwhelmed the General. He writes his wife that "thousands are barefoot, thousands with fragments of shoes, and all without overcoats, blankets, or warm clothing." Of a movement he was compelled to abandon, he declares, "I could not bear to expose them to certain suffering on an uncertain issue." Doing all in his power to alleviate their physical sufferings, he does not neglect the spiritual welfare of his men. He confers with the chaplains and attends their religious services. A great revival in religion blessed that noble army. More than once, in the stress of a swift ride to the front, or along the lines, he is known to dismount and join in the simple prayer service of his soldiers. His headquarters during that winter are in a plain army tent stationed on a hillside near Orange courthouse. He shares all the privations of his men, and writes home to his distressed wife with unabating cheerfulness. One day he writes, "All the brides have come on a visit to the army, Mrs. Ewell, Mrs. Walker, Mrs. Heth, etc." General Ewell, who had lost

one of his legs in the campaign of '62, had been married in a romantic fashion. "Virginia," said a contemporary, "never had a truer gentleman, a braver soldier, nor an odder, more lovable fellow." He was very absent-minded. His bride had been a widow and to strangers he would with great formality introduce her, "Allow me to present my wife, Mrs. Brown."

And now the year of battle was at hand. The entire military power of the Union was placed under the control of one master mind, General U. S. Grant, a great commander, not more clear sighted and formidable in the operations of war against his enemy, than gentle and magnanimous to that enemy in honorable defeat. So absolute was his authority, that on April 30, 1864, Mr. Lincoln wrote him: "The particulars of your plans I neither know nor seek to know. I wish not to obtrude any constraints or restraints upon you." Well had it been, for the hopes of the Confederacy, had similar powers long before been given to General Lee. This was finally done, but only a few days before Appomattox.

Early in May Grant advances a line stretching from the Mississippi river to the Atlantic ocean; armies amounting to more than five hundred and twenty thousand men.

Lee now commands sixty-two thousand men. In his front there are present with Grant's colors one hundred and eighteen thousand. These deployed in double line of battle would cover a front of thirty miles, and overlap Lee's line by fourteen miles. Grant may confront Lee with equal numbers, and at the same time with fifty-six thousand men assail him on either flank. Nor does this take account of the enormous reinforcements which the Union General is constantly receiving.

On the 5th of May, Grant crosses the Rappahannock and the Rapidan, and starts his dense columns on the road to Richmond. Soon his thousands are entangled in the Wilderness, and Lee, ever audacious, with a portion of his army is thundering on his right marching flank. "It is," said a biographer of General Lee, "a terrible field for a battle, a region of tangled underbrush, ragged foliage and knotted trunks. You hear the saturnalia, gloomy, hideous, desperate, raging, unconfined. You see nothing, and the very mystery augments the horror; from out the depths comes the ruin that has been wrought, in bleeding shapes

borne in blankets or on stretchers. Soldiers fall, writhe, and die unseen, their bodies lost in the bushes, their dying groans drowned by the steady, continuous, unceasing crash." Both armies fight with all the intrepid courage of their heroic line.

With a great sweep to the left, Grant seeks to reach Spottsylvania courthouse, to interpose between Lee and Richmond, but when he approaches his objective, the gray riflemen are in his path. For twelve days, the intrepid army of the Union reiterated their fierce and continued assaults upon the thin gray line. Occasionally broken by overpowering numbers, but under the inspiring presence of their leader, rallying and charging anew, the heroes in rags ever hold their ground.

At half past four on the morning of the twelfth of May, over a salient on General Ewell's works, that gallant Union General whom Meade termed "Hancock the superb," rushed a storming column, taking many Confederate prisoners and twenty pieces of artillery. The line was untenable. The engineering eye of Lee had detected this, but while withdrawing the artillery to make a realignment, the charging columns came. The moment was critical. The Confederate army was cut in two. Determined to restore his line, the fighting blood of his hero strain lighting his face with the glow of battle, Lee mounted on "Traveler," brave as his master, dashes to the front of the charging columns, and bares that good gray head to lead his men into the death hail sweeping the Bloody Angle. But another is there! In civil life and on the crest of battle a leader of men, daring, magnetic, eloquent, a hero fighter while the war is on, but ever afterwards an apostle of peace and reconciliation, reflecting glory upon the generation he survived, crowned with all that should accompany old age, to the last "sustained and soothed by an unfaltering trust," has now drawn

"The drapery of his couch
About him and lies down to pleasant dreams,"

General John Gordon, of Georgia. And under the wave of Gordon's sword, the fearless veterans advance. The Stars and Bars and Stars and Stripes are in actual contact across the bloody rampart. The driving storms of rifle balls gnaw off the forest trees, which crushing fall on friend and foe. Drenched with

rain, covered with clay, and black with powder, the opposing lines desperately fight. Shells bursting from mortar fire rain down destruction, storms of canister sweep the parapets, the minies unceasingly hail across the appalling scene. The dead bodies, sometimes four deep, are again and again thrown from the trenches, which run with blood. After twenty hours of death grapple, through sheer exhaustion, the battle fails. Unshaken in their lines stand the heroes in gray.

Day after day, the piteous, but heroic story. On the North Anna, at Cold Harbor, in many an unnamed battle, the army of Grant hurls itself with devoted courage against the swerveless constancy of Lee's fierce and hungry men. Thousands of the bravest and the best on both sides perish. When the fight is over, the inanimate clay is in the trenches laid, and the slender earth works to shelter the living turned over on the silent heroes of the Blue and the Gray, now shelter the dead.

Convinced that in the field the men of Lee are unconquerable, General Grant swiftly transfers his army to the south of the James. His purpose to capture Petersburg. But Lee's penetration is not at fault. Soon the tireless quickstep of Lee's fighters is hastening to find their foe. In all the history of human strife never was march more fateful. The steam flotilla and the pontoon bridges of Grant had given his army a start of many hours. He was now south of the James. Petersburg, gateway to the Confederate capital, was almost within his grasp. Lee's army was north of the river many miles away. The most untutored of all those desperate fighters knew the danger to their cause as well as Lee himself. The moon, nearly full, lights them along the country roads, over the bridges and through the sleeping hamlets. No sound in those fierce ranks, save the clank of accoutrements, the tread of rushing thousands, and the stern commands, "close up men, close up." With set and rigid faces, parched throats, and untiring muscles, onward, ever onward press the men in gray. Not in vain now, the wind and training of years of furious fighting, hard marching and slender rations. Not in vain through their great hearts streams the hero blood, flowing down from far distant hero sires, from sires who rolled back from German forests the fierce legions of Varus, from Saxons who hurled from the trenches at Hastings the mail-

clad warriors of the Conqueror, from Crusaders who "swarmed up the breach at Ascalon," from yeomanry who clove down the chivalry of France at Agincourt and Poitiers, from ragged Continentals who won American Independence. And so when the charging columns of Grant rush to the attack, to brush away the slender force of veterans, home-guards, and convalescents, who stood them off the night before, up rose from the trenches the Rebel Yell, out broke the riven battle flags, down came the rifles with steady aim, and blaze the withering volleys, which told the foe that the men of Manassas, Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, the Wilderness, Spottsylvania, and Cold Harbor had again arrived in time.

As predicted by General Lee, the siege of Petersburg is but a question of days. Held by a mistaken policy immovably in his lines, his incomparable generalship is now of little avail. His enemy finds him at will. The bright sword, whose lightning play for so long has parried every thrust, and again and again flashed over the guard, and disabled his foe, now held fast as on an anvil, may be shattered by the hammer of Grant. His is soon a phantom army. The lean and hungry faces seem to belong to shadows without bodies. The winter falls; their clothing a rude patchwork of rags. On those rare occasions when there are cattle to kill, the green hides are eagerly seized, and fashioned into rough buskins to protect bare and bleeding feet from the stony and frozen ground. Often their ration is a little parched corn, sometimes corn on the cob. Jocular to the last, "Les Miserables" they call themselves, appropriating, with pronunciation which might have startled the author, the title of Victor Hugo's famous novel, which, reprinted in Richmond on wrapping paper, affords some of them solace through those awful days.

"Day and night, for months," writes one of Lee's biographers, "an incessant fire without one break, rained down upon them all known means of destruction. Their constancy during those dismal days of winter never failed. Night came; they lay down in their trenches where cold and the enemy's shells left them no repose. Snow, sleet, wind, rain, cannon-fire, starvation—they had to bear all without a ray of hope." Their lines now stretch from Richmond on the north side of the James to Hatcher's

Run far to the south of Petersburg. In front of them, supplied with every comfort and every munition of war, is a mighty, brave, and disciplined army. In many places, the Federal and Confederate lines are not a dozen yards apart. Finally, with thirty-three thousand men, Lee is holding forty miles of trenches; and every night his men unroll their thin blankets, and unloose their shoe strings with deep forebodings of what the morrow may bring. Officers and men know that the end is at hand, but their desperate courage never falters; and when at last the powerful army of Sheridan, who has come to reinforce Grant, assails his right flank, and Lee is compelled to withdraw the infantry from his lines to meet this movement, in the absence of their defenders, Grant as if on parade, though with dreadful loss, marches over the Confederate works; Richmond falls, and after a brief interval of heroic unavailing, desperate and bloody strife, annihilation at last comes to the Army of Northern Virginia. The undaunted remnant of worn and wasted veterans, surrounded at Appomattox by ten times their number, without a word of unkindness from their brave foemen, whom they had so often defeated, so long held at bay, with all the honors of war, stack their arms and surrender their battle riven flags.

Then came the last, the deathless scene. His loving veterans, prisoners of war, throng to their General, with adoration press his hands, touch his clothing and caress his horse. In sublime and simple words he said: "Men, we have fought through the war together. I have done my best for you. My heart is too full to say more." And then came the last order to the Army of Northern Virginia, read through tears which wash the grime of battle from the veteran's face; not tears of anger or humiliation, but tears of sympathy for him, tears of exultation and pride for the martial honor even to the simplest private, his leadership has won; the proudest heritage to the latest times of their hero strain.

And came then that said autumnal day, so many years ago, yet so near to us who wore the gray, as he stood with wife and loved ones, to ask the blessing of the Master he loved and served, and sank to rise no more. Oh, what then did foe and friend say of Lee? All was said by one,

"Ah, there thou liest. Thou wert head of all Christian

knights, and now, I dare say, thou wert the courtliest knight that ever bare shield—and thou wert the kindest man that ever strake with sword; and thou wert the goodliest person that ever came among press of knights; and thou wert the meekest man and the gentlest that ever ate in hall among ladies; and thou wert the sternest knight to thy mortal foe that ever put spear in rest.”

BANQUET TO CONFEDERATE ALUMNI.

JUNE 10, 1912.

TOASTMASTER, HON. ARMISTEAD CHURCHILL GORDON, RECTOR OF THE UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA.—In welcoming home to the loving bosom of Alma Mater these survivors of that noble band, who, on the 17th of April, 1861, left these halls to fight for truth and freedom, and in extending to them as we now do, the expression of our pride in their presence and our glory in their story, our hearts naturally revert to those who went forth with them, but who, unlike them, returned no more, “The marvelous boys, the sleepless souls that perished in their pride.”

“No process slow of dull decay,
 Their fire of life abated,
 With garlands fresh and dewy they
 Its banquet left unsated.
 They vanished in the mists of death
 Ere o'er them fell a shadow,
 And now they draw immortal breath
 In sunny isle or meadow.
 More blest than we who mourn their fate,
 Those guests, who early hasted;—
 They lingered not like us too late,
 But left the lees untasted.
 They quaffed the bubbles on the brim
 From beakers full and flowing;
 Our hearts are hushed, our eyes are dim
 With tears at their outgoing.”

And yet of each one of these heroes may be spoken here, as it was written in the long ago of the Maccabean martyr, who like them perished for the faith of his fathers: “And thus this man

died, leaving his death for an example of a noble courage and a memorial of virtue not only to young men but unto all his nation."

In memory of those early dead, and in their honor, I have been requested by the committee having in charge these ceremonies, to read to this gathering a poem written many years ago, for another memorial occasion, called

THE GARDEN OF DEATH.

I

Where are they who marched away,
Sped with smiles that changed to tears,
Glittering lines of steel and gray
Moving down the battle's way—
Where are they these many years?

Garlands wreathed their shining swords;
They were girt about with cheers,
Children's lisplings, women's words,
Sunshine and the songs of birds—
They are gone so many years.

"Lo! beyond their brave array
Freedom's august dawn appears!"
Thus we said: "The brighter day
Breaks above that line of gray."—
Where are they these many years?

All our hearts went with them there,
All our love, and all our prayers;
What of them? How do they fare,
They who went to do and dare,
And are gone so many years?

What of them who went away
Followed by our hopes and fears?
Braver never marched than they,
Closer ranks to fiercer fray.—
Where are they these many years?

II

Borne upon the Spartan shield
Home returned that brave array
From the blood-stained battle-field
They might neither win nor yield;
That is all, and here are they.

That is all. The soft sky bends
 O'er them, lapped in earth away;
 Her benignest influence lends,
 Dews and rains and radiance sends
 Down upon them, night and day.

Over them the Springtide weaves
 All the verdure of her May:
 Past them drift the sombre leaves
 When the heart of Autumn grieves
 O'er their slumbers.—What care they?

What care they, who failed to win
 Guerdon of that splendid day—
 Freedom's day—they saw begin,
 But that, 'mid the battle's din,
 Faded in eclipse away?

All is gone for them. They gave
 All for naught. It was their way
 Where they loved. They died to save
 What was lost. The fight was brave
 That is all; and here are they.

III

Is that all? Was Duty naught?
 Love and faith made blind with tears?
 What the lessons that they taught?
 What the glory that they caught
 From the onward sweeping years?

Here are they who marched away
 Followed by our hopes and fears;
 Nobler never went than they,
 To a bloodier, madder fray,
 In the lapse of all the years.

Garlands still shall wreathe the swords
 That they drew amid our cheers;
 Children's lispings, women's words,
 Sunshine, and the songs of birds
 Greet them here through all the years.

With them ever shall abide
 All our love and all our prayers.
 "What of them?" The battle's tide
 Hath not scathed them. Lo! they ride
 Still with Stuart down the years.

“Where are they who went away
 Sped with smiles that changed to tears?”
 Lee yet leads the line of gray—
 Stonewall still rides down this way:
 They are Fame’s through all the years.

TOASTMASTER.—The first regular toast on the program is “The Boys Who Wore the Gray”: *Non ille pro caris amicis aut patria timidus perire* (unafraid for the friend of his heart or the cause of his country to die), which will be responded to by Adjutant Theodore S. Garnett.

ADJUTANT GARNETT.—Mr. Toastmaster and My Dear Comrades: In such a distinguished presence as this, and as the representative of a long-lost boyhood, no one could desire more heartily than I do the enforcement of the precept—“Children should be seen and not heard.” But when I reflect that most of us have reached the period generally allotted to second childhood, it is not a thing incredible to believe that such unfortunates should be invisible and inaudible, or as some would have it—chloroformable.

Called up again after the lapse of more than fifty years to give account before the Faculty of the deeds done in the body by some of the University boys, I request your prayerful sympathy in this joyful resurrection as I answer with deep penitence—“unprepared,” yea verily and absolutely “corked.”

But it would seem a simple, easy, and grateful task, out of the abundance of a loving heart and memory, to tell a plain, unvarnished tale of what the “Boys of ’61” had to do and to wear. As to their clothes—the less said about that the better; but as to their deeds of heroism—that is quite another story.

The regularly matriculated students of the University, early in 1861, stirred by the spirit of a true and lofty patriotism, rushed into the ranks, organized and armed as two infantry companies—“The Southern Guard” and “The Sons of Liberty.”

What a splendid body of youngsters they were! At the first call for troops, they marched rapidly to the capture of Harper’s Ferry, and by their prompt and efficient service inspired their younger brothers and fellow-citizens with zeal and ardor to emulate their example.

To you, my elder brothers, survivors of those gallant and glo-

rious volunteers, I tender the tribute of my deepest affection and highest admiration. Then, as now, the University of Virginia took such pride in you, and such was the patriotic spirit of our Alma Mater, that at the close of the session, when most of you had gone to war, the Board of Visitors and Faculty sought to fill your places with a similar organization. Thus in May, 1861, was established here the University Military School, or Corps of Cadets.

Unfortunately no record of even the names of these cadets has been preserved. For many years I kept the roll of my company (B), but that too has disappeared. Our commandant was Major George Ross, now residing in the city of Richmond, and one of its most distinguished physicians. Next in rank was Capt. Thomas U. Dudley, inspector of the battalion, late beloved Bishop of Kentucky. Captain Robert E. Lee, Jr., commanded Company A, Captain Wm. H. Young, of Texas, commanded Company B, and was succeeded by John H. Maury, son of Commodore Matthew F. Maury.

Closely following the discipline and instruction of the Virginia Military Institute, we were soon licked into shape and proud of our accomplishments in company and battalion drill. But war was flagrant, and we were consumed with the desire to share its trials and participate in its battles. Gradually we folded our blankets and silently stole away to the front, until near the close of September the last one of us was swallowed in the rank and file of the all-devouring Confederate armies.

The story of the University Boy is the story of the whole Confederate South. That story can never die, and though our humble part in it may have slept for half a century, buried with the glory of the dead past, it awakes with renewed devotion to our Alma Mater, who in this Reunion has so kindly and wisely united the memories of that past with the glories of her present. General Lee once said to General Early: "The world will never know the odds against which we fought." He might well have added, "The war was fought by boys."

In the June number of a picture magazine, there is an article entitled "The Sunset Gun," by General Horatio C. King, U. S. A. He says: "The total enrollment of the Union soldiers was 2,778,000. Of this total more than 2,000,000 at the time of their

enlistment were under the age of 21 years. Twenty-five boys only ten years old served in the army. Two hundred and twenty-five were 12 years old; 1,523 were 14 years of age; 844,891 or nearly a million, were 16 years of age, and 1,151,000 were eighteen years of age. The exact number of those under twenty-one at the date of their enlistment was 2,150,708." And he concludes his carefully compiled statistics with this remark: "Of all the soldiers of the Federal armies only 618,500 were older than twenty-one when they took up arms." If this surprising statement be true of the Federal armies, what think you of the boys who so largely composed the Confederate armies, in which existed both the greater need and the greater incentive to fight!

For instance, and without exaggerated illustration, suppose your football team today, with its eleven good and true athletes, were challenged to play a game for the championship of the United States. They arrive upon the gridiron and are politely informed that they must tackle forty-four equally strong and well trained men, or give up the ball! Those were the odds which this University team of student soldiers faced for four years in the tug of war.

But I must be brief, time is wanting, and yet this is the place and this the occasion of all others to talk with you, my old comrades, of the heroic souls who gave themselves a willing sacrifice to duty,

"Unafraid for the friend of his heart
Or the cause of his country to die."

I never think of this University without recalling two of my most beloved room-mates: Randolph Fairfax in the Cadet Corps, and Joseph Bryan in the College. True types were they of the Boy who wore the Gray.

Over their honored graves, I would whisper, with our beloved poet, John R. Thompson, in his dirge for Ashby,

There, throughout the coming ages
When his sword is rust
And his deeds in classic pages,
Mindful of her trust
Shall Virginia bending lowly
Still a ceaseless vigil holy
Keep above his dust.

TOASTMASTER.—The next toast is “Our Matchless Leader”:

He is gone who seemed so great—
 Gone; but nothing can bereave him
 Of the love he made his own,
 Being here; and we believe him
 Lifted high in heavenly State
 And that he wears a truer crown
 Than any wreath that man can weave him.

This toast will be responded to by Sergeant George L. Christian.

SERGEANT CHRISTIAN.—Mr. Toastmaster and Friends: I cannot begin what I wish to say tonight, without first returning on my own behalf and on behalf of my old comrades here our heartfelt thanks to the authorities of this University for the privilege and pleasure of being present on this memorable occasion. I have been requested to say something about our matchless leader, General Robert E. Lee.

When the great French orator, Bossuet, commenced his eulogy on the Prince of Condé, he said:

“At the moment I open my lips to celebrate the immortal glory of the Prince of Condé, I find myself equally overwhelmed by the greatness of the theme and the needlessness of the task. What part of the habitable world has not heard of his victories and the wonders of his life? Everywhere they are rehearsed. His own countrymen, in extolling them, can give no information even to the stranger, and although I may remind you of them, yet everything I could say would be anticipated by your thoughts, and I should suffer by the reproach of falling far below them.”

And so, my friends, I am especially reminded of this after the comprehensive and eloquent address to which you have just listened on the character and achievements of our matchless leader. The mere mention of the names of Lee and Jackson crowd the memories of those of us who were their followers with feelings of admiration and pride that we have no language to express. It is almost impossible for us to think of General Lee except in connection with the great Confederate cause for which he stood and in defence of which he won his great fame. When Æschylus, the father of Greek tragedy, was dying at

Gela in Sicily, he wrote this epitaph to be placed on his own monument:

“Athenian Æschylus, Euphonion’s son,
This tomb at Gela holds, his race now run;
His deeds the groves of Marathon could tell,
And many a long-haired Median knows them well.”

And so, my friends, it seems that when the shadows were gathering around the old poet soldier, he forgot the splendid literature with which he has charmed the world for more than two thousand years, and the only thing in his life he thought worthy of transmitting to his posterity was the recollection of the fact that in his young manhood, when his beloved Athens was invaded, he sprang to arms and helped to drive back the Persian invader.

Some of us here tonight are survivors of fields more bloody and more memorable than that of Marathon, and the brightest spot in our memories is the recollection of the fact that when our Mother, Virginia, was invaded, we rose up in our young manhood and helped to drive back the invader; nay, beat him back o’er and o’er again until we were literally starved and worn out with victory. Yes, my friends—

Our deeds an hundred fields can tell,
And many a blue coat Federal knows them well.

I am just as firm a believer today in the justice of the Confederate cause as I was when I enlisted to defend that cause in 1861, and I am never going to stultify myself by saying, I am sorry that cause did not succeed.

A recent Northern writer has said of the Confederate cause and its defenders, that “Such character and achievement were not all in vain; that though the Confederacy fell as an actual physical power, it still lives illustrated in its just cause—the cause of constitutional liberty.”

And another Northern writer of two hundred years of New England ancestry, has written that after studying the questions at issue in the late war honestly and thoroughly, he had reached the conclusion that the Northern cause was the “lost cause,” and not that of the South. And even Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe’s youngest son has recently said, that whilst there was a rebellion in this country in 1861, the Northern people were the rebels,

and that the Southern people were the patriots, fighting for the maintenance of the constitution as it was delivered to them by their fathers. And a more recent Northern writer thus refers to the Army of Northern Virginia and our cause in these words:

“Army of Northern Virginia, sleep on; the Confederacy’s star will hang in your country’s sky, and the day is coming when your children will rejoice in the fact that to whatsoever height of glory the reunited country rises, prouder will it and they be of you and your valor, and above all in those trying times to come of that display of willingness to lay your lives down for a political principle that is the very foundation on which your whole governmental system is based.”

Is there wonder, then, that we old veterans are proud both of our cause and of our matchless leaders? General Scott was a great soldier and a Virginian; General Thomas was a great soldier and a Virginian. Is either one of these as much thought of today as either General Lee or General Jackson? To ask this question is to furnish the answer. Two of the most distinguished writers in Massachusetts have recently said that had they been in General Lee’s place in April, 1861, when he was forced to decide which side he would take, they would have decided just as he did, and in so doing they say he decided right. No man, in my opinion, is ever justifiable in forsaking or in deciding against his own people in such a crisis as confronted General Lee in April, 1861. But the Northern people used to speak of General Lee and General Jackson as traitors and rebels. Need I ask, can treachery be predicated of any such characters as we know to have been possessed by Lee and Jackson? There was a time when the word “rebel” may have sounded harshly in our ears; but when we recall the fact that as William Pitt said, even the chimney sweeps of London spoke of all the colonists as rebels, and as Mr. Charles Francis Adams said, if Lee was a rebel, then Washington was also, because their cases were identical; and when we recall the fact too that the capital of our country, the forts that line our coasts, the streets of our cities, the springing shaft on Bunker Hill, and the modest shaft that marks the spot where Warren fell, are all memorials to rebels, not only rebels like Warren and Hamilton who first drew their

swords in defence of the cause of the Revolution, but rebels like Washington and Franklin who broke their oaths that they might become rebels in a cause not one whit more just than that of the Confederacy—I say, when we remember these things, we are not ashamed, but are proud, of being called rebels.

A Boston writer, Mr. Gamaliel Bradford, Jr., has recently written an excellent life of General Lee, which he styles “Lee the American;” not Lee, the traitor, not Lee, the rebel; not Lee, the Southerner, but, Lee, the American. So you see, my friends, our quondam enemies are now appropriating General Lee to themselves, and are proud of the appropriation. Well, we think he is big enough to “go all around,” and the more of him they appropriate, the better they will be for having done so.

But, says Mr. Bradford, near the conclusion of his book, the life of General Lee, although brilliant in its achievements, and his character almost perfect, will, in the end, be accounted a failure. It is true that General Lee did not succeed in establishing the Southern Confederacy within certain defined territorial limits; but I think I have already shown you that he maintained a cause the principles of which still live, and can never die as long as constitutional freedom remains the bulwark of this Republic.

And so, I think, my countrymen, that such a life can never be accounted a failure. A short recital of some of the great achievements of that life will, I think, demonstrate that it was any thing else than a failure, even looking at it from a human standpoint.

Was it a failure when Lee took command of the Army of Northern Virginia on the 8th of June, 1862, and with one-fourth less troops than McClellan had opposing him, after seven days before Richmond, drove him to shelter under his gunboats on the James in order to save his army?

McClellan called his movement a “change of base;” but we old fellows who followed Lee understood then, and understand better now, what was really done; and we know, from McClellan himself, that the next day after he reached Harrison’s Landing he wrote to Mr. William H. Aspinwall, of New York, to get him a situation by which he could earn a living for his family.

Was it a failure when Lee with about sixty thousand men met the combined armies of Pope, Burnside, and a large part of that of McClellan on the famous field of Second Manassas in August, 1862, and routed these one hundred and fifty thousand men on that memorable field?

Was it a failure when he sent Jackson and captured Harper's Ferry with a large number of prisoners and munitions of war, and then with about thirty-five thousand men withstood for a whole day the onslaught of McClellan with eighty-seven thousand on the bloody field of Sharpsburg? And at night when all of Lee's lieutenants advised him to recross the Potomac, that night Lee drew himself up to his full height and said, "I will confront McClellan again tomorrow, and if he wants to fight, I will give him battle; I knew the young man both at West Point and in Mexico." McClellan did not dare attack him the following day, and that night Lee withdrew across the Potomac without the loss of even the fifth wheel of a caisson.

Was it a failure, when on the 13th of December, 1862, he met Burnside at Fredericksburg with one hundred and ten thousand men, and with seventy-eight thousand drove him back across the Rappahannock, and although the Federals fought here with conspicuous gallantry, Burnside and his army were so badly whipped that Burnside, seeing he was no match for Lee, resigned his command?

The next spring General Joe Hooker commanded the Army of the Potomac, and with one hundred and thirty-one thousand men, the best equipped the northern government could put in the field, "the finest army on the planet," as Hooker termed it, Lee with fifty-seven thousand men sent Jackson on that flank movement which has challenged the admiration of the world, and has emblazoned Chancellorsville on the roll with Blendheim, Luethen, Austerlitz and Jena, and ranked Lee and Jackson with Marlborough, Frederick and Napoleon?

I say, were the achievements of Lee and Jackson at Chancellorsville failures in any sense of that word? The world has not so accounted them.

Was Lee's fight at the great battle of Gettysburg, the turning point of the Confederacy, a failure so far as he was concerned? I know that he assumed all the blame of that great drawn bat-

tle, but I know too and the world knows now, that if General Lee's orders had been executed by his lieutenants, as he had a right to expect, he would have been successful in that battle, and with success there, he would have established the Confederacy. General Lee himself has said, that if he had had Jackson at Gettysburg he would have won that battle.

Was his campaign against Grant from the Rapidan to Petersburg a failure, when for twenty-eight days of almost continuous flanking and fighting, he divined every movement of his adversary, and at the expiration of that time had struck from the fighting rolls of Grant's army more men than Lee had in his? A distinguished English soldier, writing of this campaign, says:

"Lee emerged from a campaign which is surpassed by no other in gallant fighting and skillful direction. Even the glories of the campaign of France in 1814, and Frederick's wonderful defiance of his enemies in the Seven Years' War, pale before Lee's astonishing performance."

Was it a failure when, for nearly ten months, he stood with his thin grey line of less than fifty thousand half-starved and shivering troops, and held at bay Grant's army of a hundred and twenty-five or thirty thousand along the lines of Petersburg, of more than thirty miles?

My friends, the Army of Northern Virginia, as Northern writers will now tell you, was never defeated in battle, but was simply starved and worn out with victory.

So I say, if the life of such a man, and of such a character, and of such a soldier as General Lee, can be accounted a failure, it is hard to say what human life can achieve that which will make it a success.

But, my friends, true patriotism is more cherished in peace than in war, because it is more difficult to the patriot, and requires the highest type of real courage. To do right when others do wrong; to withstand the tide of false opinion, of calumny and adverse criticism; to stand alone for principle; to refuse the wiles of the tempter, and to do right at any cost—this is the field of true heroism, open to all, but measured up to fully by very, very few. The greatest achievements in the splendid career of our incomparable chieftain were not to be found in the

great victories he won on the fields of battle, some of which I have recounted; but these will dwarf in the scale of true heroism and moral grandeur when compared with the act of Lee, when in his poverty and want after the war, he refused the tempting offer of fifty thousand dollars a year simply for the use of his name by an insurance company, and instead of accepting this alluring bait, did accept a barely living salary and engaged to teach the children of his old soldiers how they should live and how to prepare to die.

Thank God, the jewels of this Southland of ours, like those of the Roman mother, are her children, and it is still the radiance of their talents and their virtues which constitute the effulgence of their regalias, and nothing could demonstrate this more clearly than the gracious act of this, the representative institution of learning of the South in inviting this poor remnant of our defenders in time of war to come here and share with them the pleasures and memorials of this occasion.

Yes, my friends, the name and the fame of General Lee are safe, and the principles of the cause for which we fought are safe too; and those of us who did our duty in defence of that cause have no reason to apprehend that our deeds will not be appreciated by the generations yet to come, and find their true place in the history of this Republic, and that these deeds will be faithfully recorded hereafter

“By some yet unmoulded tongue
Far on in summers that we shall not see.”

Yes,

“The triumphs of might are transient;
They pass away and are forgotten;
The sufferings of right are glorious
And deepest graven on the chronicles of nations.”

TOASTMASTER.—Gentlemen: In proposing this last toast I call to your memories the fact that the day that has just passed, because it is now one o'clock, was the anniversary of the first battle fought on Virginia soil, the Battle of Bethel. As the hour is growing late I shall merely propose the toast, without reading the poetic sentiment upon the card; and call upon Lieutenant Randolph H. McKim to respond.

LIEUT. RANDOLPH H. MCKIM.—Mr. Toastmaster and my venerable comrades: My memory goes back tonight to a bright April morning 51 years ago when there was great excitement in this dear old University of Thomas Jefferson. Something had happened. When men turned their eyes to the Rotunda, lo, there floated the banner of the Southern Confederacy—and Virginia had not seceded! In front of the Rotunda a great crowd of students speedily gathered; orators mounted the steps and began to pour forth their fervid eloquence. Just then it was said that the stately form of John B. Minor was proceeding with his accustomed dignity from his residence at the lower end of the lawn to his lecture hall; and when his eyes beheld that spectacle—that banner of secession—he being a Union man as you remember at that time, he exclaimed with emotion (at least, so some waggish student reported):

“Flag of my country, can it be,
That rag’s up there instead of thee!”

Meanwhile the excitement was growing, and something had to be done. So Professor Bledsoe, our brilliant professor of mathematics, who used to interlard his lectures on the calculus with discussions of the question of States’ rights, was selected by the faculty to come forward and pour oil on the excited waters. Walking *suo more* with his head far ahead of his body, he came floundering along, and as soon as he appeared all kept silent, for they knew he was a good secessionist and were glad to listen to him. (By the way, I was one of the seven who raised the flag, and I am almost ashamed to confess it, but we had provided ourselves with augers and saws, and we sawed through five doors to get to the top of the Rotunda in the middle of the night, and then got out on the Rotunda in our stocking feet at the risk of our necks to give the Southern flag to the breeze. Of course we were the last men in the college to find out anything about it.) Well, the dear old professor said: “No doubt the young gentlemen who put that flag up there are the nicest gentlemen in college, but you know the state has not seceded yet; she *ought* to, but she has not yet; and so I am afraid you will have to take that flag down, and I hope some of you who love it very dearly will go up there and take it down; but, gentlemen, do it very tenderly!”

In responding to the toast which you have given me, "The Happy Warrior," it first of all occurs to me as I look around upon this company that here is, indeed, as fine a group of "happy warriors" as I have ever seen; though they must all of them be over three score years and ten. (Judge Garnett tried to make out that he was only ten years old when he entered the army, but I know better than that!)

My comrades, on the hill where the Greeks made their last stand in the Pass of Thermopylæ a marble lion has been erected in memory of Leonidas and his immortal three hundred, on which the traveller reads this inscription:

"Go tell the Spartans, thou that passest by,
That here, obedient to her laws, we lie."

My brothers, wherever there sleeps a Confederate soldier, alumnus of this University, in any part of our Southland, the traveller may read a similar message:

"Go, tell my Alma Mater, thou that passest by,
That here, obedient to her laws, I lie."

Those men died because they were obedient to the laws of life learned in this University. The accomplished scholars at whose feet we sat in this temple of science and liberty taught us to worship not at the sordid shrine of success, but at the sacred altar of truth.

Our Alma Mater taught us to fix our gaze upon the achievements of intellectual life and of generous manhood, rather than on the material prizes of the world. She sought to cultivate in us character and manliness; she treated us as men; she trusted us; she appealed to our sense of honor and love of truth; she pointed us to the bright vision of eternal truth, and echoed the Divine Master's words,

"The truth shall make you free."

Friends, there was "plain living and high thinking" in this old academic village in those days when I knew her in '60 and '61. The atmosphere was too pure for the rank growth of materialism. Commercialism found no place here as, thank God, I do not believe it does today. We had before us the inspiring examples of Christian thinkers and philosophers—Cabell, Coleman, Minor, Bledsoe, McGuffey and Frank Smith—to name

no more—who set before us spiritual ideals of noble manhood and of unselfish devotion to duty. And so, when the crucial hour came that tried men's souls, the students and alumni of this University did not stay to calculate the chances of success, nor to count the cost of obedience to the clarion call of duty; but gave themselves promptly and unreservedly to the cause of patriotism.

We honor their names and their memories tonight; we thank God for what they were; we give to them the same meed of praise the Grecian poet gave to Leonidas and his immortal band:

“Of those who at Thermopylæ were slain,
Glorious the doom and beautiful the lot.
Their tomb an altar; men from tears refrain
To honour them, and praise, but mourn them not.
Such sepulchre nor drear decay
Nor all destroying time shall waste.”

Yes, their doom was glorious, their lot was beautiful; they fulfilled the ideal of the “happy warrior.” Isocrates might have had them in mind when he exclaimed: “Is there a poet or an orator who will not do his utmost by his eloquence and his knowledge to immortalize such heroic valor and virtue?”

A few years ago the ashes of that famous warrior La Tour d'Auvergne, first grenadier of France, were brought to Paris to be deposited in the Hôtel des Invalides amid a great assembly of the soldiers of France. The colors were draped and the captain of the 46th regiment stepped forward and called the name “La Tour d'Auvergne.” After a moment of silence there came back the answer, loud and clear, “Dead on the field of honor.” My comrades, if I could call tonight the roll of those 504 alumni whose names are engraven on the bronze tablets in yonder Rotunda; yes, if I could call the roll of all the men who went out from this University into the Confederate Army, and fell under the banner of the Southern Cross, you might make answer for every one of them, “Dead on the field of honor.” They were heroes if ever heroes were. What hardships did they not uncomplainingly endure on the march, in the bivouac, in the deadly trenches; what sacrifices did they not cheerfully make; what danger did they not uncomplainingly

face for a cause that was dearer than life. Many of them were private soldiers. Fame does not, and will not, herald their names and deeds to posterity. They fought without reward and they died without distinction; it was enough for them to hear the voice of duty, and to follow it though it led them up a rugged path to a bloody grave.

Men called them rebels. Well, for my part, I have no particular care to defend them from that charge. I remember that rebellion is sometimes the highest duty of a patriot, the most splendid expression of loyalty. And so it was in their day. I remember that the men of Runnymede were rebels when, with Stephen Langton at their head, they compelled the tyrant King John to sign the Magna Charta. I remember that the men of '76 were rebels. I remember that George Washington and his barefoot army at Valley Forge were rebels. So, if men want to call those brave brothers of ours, who sleep on so many battlefields, rebels—let them do so, I have no objection.

But, comrades, no man shall ever write traitor over their graves without stern rebuke from us. This we will make good in any presence, and at any cost; these, our brothers, fought under constraint of conscience, they were obedient to duty as they understood it, they went to battle and to death animated by motives as high and as pure as ever actuated patriots.

It is true they were not victors in the Titanic struggle. Their Confederacy sank to rise no more; their glorious battle flags were furled forever. Concede, if you will, that they failed in fact as well as in form, but all this abates not a jot of the honor due to their memory. Oh, brothers, it is not success that ennobles, that glorifies; but duty well done, manhood illustriously displayed, whether in success or failure!

But after all who are the victors in the great conflicts of time? Let history speak, let her unroll her long annals and say who have been the victors through the centuries of human experience. Who were the victors in the Coliseum, the Roman mob who shouted, "*Christianos ad leones!*" or the martyrs who died for the name of Christ? Who were the victors at Thermopylæ, Xerxes and his multitudinous host, or Leonidas and his invincible little band, every one of whom perished in the struggle? Again, I ask, who were the victors, the judges who pronounced sentence of death

upon the greatest sage of ancient history, or Socrates who drank the hemlock?

My brothers, there is a new invasion of our beloved South against which I would lift my voice in warning tonight. Sordid and selfish ideals are invading our land. The love of money, the love of ease, the love of luxury, are taking possession of the minds of our people. The high and noble ideals of 1861 are giving place to others on a lower plane of ignoble tendency. The Grecian poet who celebrated the valor of Leonidas speaks of the "home-bred glory of Greece," displayed in the immortal three hundred. My comrades, the home-bred virtues of the old South are giving place to the new fangled notions of life and honor and conduct that follow in the train of material civilization and selfish luxury; both men and women are lowering the standard of life and conduct; and, therefore, I invoke tonight the memory of the alumni of '61 to repel their new invasion. Let the names and the memories of those patriotic heroes be a bulwark against these evil manners, these corrupt principles, these low conceptions of life.

Indeed, we are in the midst of a serious and fateful crisis in our national life. We have seen the dignity of our highest office dragged in the mire; we have seen an unseemly strife, and an ignoble rivalry, between the two most conspicuous men in the land. We have seen our whole political life degraded by the selfish and unprincipled pursuit of office and of power. From this spectacle of humiliation and shame to every patriotic American, we turn to the contemplation of the conduct of those men of '61, who spurned every low and selfish aim and gave themselves to the service of their country with such unselfish devotion. To them we point our young men. There let them find the example and the stimulus which shall inspire them to consecrate their manhood in unselfish service to God and their country.

In conclusion I have just one word more to say. What we have been doing and saying tonight is in simple loyalty to the best and purest dictates of the human heart. A people that forgets its heroic dead is already dying at the heart, and I believe such assemblages as this and such sentiments as those we

have listened to tonight will make for the strength and glory of our beloved, reunited country.

Yes, we honor, and we bid our children honor the loyalty to duty, to conscience and to fatherland that inspired the men of '61; and it is our hope and our prayer that as the years and the generations pass, the rising and setting sun, the moon and stars, summer and winter, spring and autumn, will see the people of the South loyal to the memory of those four terrible, but glorious years of the South; loyally worshipping at the shrine of the splendid manhood of our heroic citizen soldiers.

Then, when in some future time, the united Republic shall call "to arms," our children and our children's children will rally to the call, and emulating the fidelity and supreme devotion of the soldiers of the Confederacy, will gird the Stars and Stripes with an impenetrable rampart of steel.

ADJUTANT GARNETT.—Mr. Chairman, Rector of the University, and Ruler of this Feast: I know you are just about to send us all to bed, and it is time for boys to be put to bed, but I cannot refrain from asking you to allow me to call upon Dr. George Ross.

DR. ROSS.—Mr. Toastmaster, Comrades and Fellow Alumni: I am complimented by a recognition of my presence in this assemblage, and seek in vain for a reason, unless my too partial friend was inspired by the same motive that impelled the small boy to put an extra number of eggs under the setting hen. His mother had heard the loud and persistent cackling of the aspiring "Dominique" in the barn yard, and construing it to be a longing to fulfil the divine command to "increase and multiply" her species, she called to Johnny and said, "Go and get the basket of fresh eggs and set that hen." He obeyed promptly, as well trained Virginia boys always do when mother speaks. When he returned, she asked, "How many eggs did you put under her?" He answered, "Twenty-four or twenty-five." Surprised at the large number, she said, "Why did you put so many eggs under her?" Prompt was the reply, "Cause I jes wanted to see the old lady spread herself."

But seriously, gentlemen, I am frank to confess myself abashed in this presence. A cloud of regret shadows my per-

sonal pleasure, because Dame Nature, in the distribution of her marvelous gifts, failed to impart to me that magnificent gift of eloquence, that lends such charm to the personality of our distinguished toastmaster.

I congratulate this great University that when selecting an executive head for the administration of its affairs, Wisdom was mentor, and made choice of a faultless exponent of the mighty power of that gift.

Long may you, sir, live to wield your magic wand, and increasingly large the number of students gathering here to be wielded by its magnetic influence.

I stand before you, a relic of days long dead, "wrinkled and curved and white with hoary hairs," frosted by more than three score and ten winters—some winters of discontent. Fifty of those years have come and gone since my back was turned on these sacred precincts, the proud possessor of the University's accredited authority to fight the battles of my life under the banner of Æsculapius—a banner richly emblazoned with that master admonition "Quae prosunt omnibus," which, freely translated, reads, "Serve your fellow-man."

Fifty years! how long they seem, and yet how fleeting. To-day I am back again on the old campus, and thank God, still competent, mentally and physically, to perform life's duties. Yes, back again, and I would shake off the clogs of time:

"Backward! turn backward, oh time! in thy flight,
Make me a boy again, just for this night!"

Bring before my eyes in passing panorama, visions of the treasured memories of my University days! Let the rolling hills and peaceful valleys teem again with the figures of men and boys "loved long since and lost awhile." Let me order once more the beating of the "long roll," and watch the outpour of "blue shirted" and "red shirted" soldier students, hastening from lawn, and range and boarding house, to answer Virginia's tocsin call to arms! for defense of her vested rights, her firesides and her homes. Let me hear again echoes of the "Girl I Left Behind Me" from fife and drum, telling in pathetic notes of leave-takings of mothers, wives, and sisters and sweethearts from men and boys gathered from mountain fastnesses and from

fields, marching by companies, for rendezvous and instruction at Charlottesville. I would catch once more the bugle call, to horse! and hear the clank of sabres as South Carolina's boasted "Hampton Legion" of matchless cavalry swept past the cheering crowds on east lawn, marching on to the fateful field of Manassas—so pregnant with possibilities. I would see Dawson's Row alive with men and boys, come for training in the rudiments of warfare, as cadets in the "University Military School." I would fancy, on that panoramic picture, graves opened and the disembodied spirits of our buried heroes coming forth, clothed in the habiliments of flesh, and clad in Confederate gray uniforms, ready for the fray. There they gather, those splendid young champions for the right, that once did march at my command, and halted not 'till ordered. What a galaxy of notables! I see the genial, happy-hearted, song-singing raconteur, Thomas U. Dudley, M. A. of this University, licentiate in her teaching corps, and my assistant in the conduct of her Military School, who passed through our war unscathed; and, when peace had spread her wings, was soldier in Militant Church of the Living God, and under the banner of the Captain of our Common Salvation, made stout battle against sin and for righteousness; and at last, "fell on sleep," a revered and honored, and recognized pulpit power as Bishop in charge of the Protestant Episcopal Diocese of the great state of Kentucky. I see the handsome, rosy-cheeked, flashing-eyed William Alexander Ross, who marched from these grounds to Harper's Ferry on the 17th day of April, 1861, as a corporal in that student body known as the "Southern Guard," and who fell, mortally wounded, near Bethesda Church, Hanover County, as first lieutenant, commanding his company in the 52nd Virginia Infantry of "Pegram's Brigade." I see that brilliantly gifted, beardless young "Sandy Pendleton," master of arts of Washington College, before he was 19 years of age, Colonel and chief of staff of that world renowned warrior "Stonewall" Jackson. I see the quiet and dignified William Allen, M. A. of this University and chief ordnance officer on the staff of that same hurricane hero. I see that refined, sweet-faced and gentle-mannered "Willie Pegram," dauntless, daring, recklessly rushing boy, major and commander of that often time

decimated battalion of artillery in the Army of Northern Virginia, known as "Pegram's Battery." I see that dashing beau sabreur, Reuben B. Boston, Colonel of the 5th Virginia Cavalry, fearlessly flashing sabre at the head of his charging squadrons, and falling dead on the field of glory and renown near High Bridge.

I present them to you, and send their names *ringing* down the "corridors of time," as members of that band of "Immortals" that shall forever be known in the world's history as "Dixie Boys," who

Fought on battle fields uncounted;
 Fought as men defeat, undaunted,
 Fought to throttle threatening wrong,
 Fought while cheering Dixie's song,
 Fought though weltering in gore,
 Fought for land now named no more,
 Fought to win a victor's crown,
 Fought and earned the world's renown.

ALUMNI DAY.

JUNE 11, 1912.

ANNUAL MEETING OF THE GENERAL ALUMNI ASSOCIATION.

The General Alumni Association of the University of Virginia met in annual session on Alumni Day, Tuesday, June 11th, at 10 a. m. in Madison Hall. The president, Hon. R. Walton Moore, was absent on account of having to look after an important case in the courts of Louisiana. Hon. John W. Fishburne, of Charlottesville, Va., was elected president of the meeting.

As the minutes of the preceding meeting had been printed in the BULLETIN for October, 1911, they were not read at this meeting. The annual reports of the secretary, the treasurer, and the executive committee of the Association were duly received and ordered filed. On motion of the Rector of the University, the Secretary was directed to cast the ballot of the Association for the following officers, whose names had been presented by the

nominating committee, to hold office for the next two years: Hon. Oscar W. Underwood, of Alabama, president; Mr. R. Colston Blackford, of Virginia, first vice-president; Mr. William G. Ramsay, of Delaware, second vice-president. The secretary and the treasurer, as well as the other members of the executive committee, were unanimously re-elected for the term of two years. The report of the trustees of the Alumni Endowment Fund was presented by President Alderman and ordered filed. The report was as follows:

"The Alumni Board of Trustees of the University of Virginia Endowment Fund convened at the president's office on the 8th of May, 1912. There were present: Messrs. Alderman, Faulkner, and White. The chief business of the meeting was the hearing and the acceptance of the report of the treasurer, Mr. Eppa Hunton, Jr., together with a statement by him, marked 'Exhibit 1,' showing the condition of the Alumni Endowment Fund. This report and statement were ratified and approved and spread upon the minutes of the Board. The balance sheet shows in the possession of the Board a sum of money amounting to \$975,310.86. It is probably understood by the Association that a sum of money equal to \$50,000, belonging to this fund, is controlled by the Christian Woman's Board of Missions of Indianapolis, Indiana. This sum makes the total amount belonging to the fund \$1,025,310.86. I can not fail to bear testimony to the skill and faithfulness of this Board and especially to the devotion and ability of its treasurer, Hon. Eppa Hunton, Jr. As an evidence of the wisdom of the Board in its original investments, it should be said that the market value of the fund increased during the past year by the sum of \$19,780. The estimated income from the endowment for the coming year was \$47,950.64, and this sum was appropriated for various purposes by the Board for the use of the University, subject to the requisition of the bursar upon order of the rector and visitors.

EDWIN A. ALDERMAN,
President."

Mr. Rosewell Page reported on behalf of the committee on the Alumni Building Fund that the committee have in hand the sum of \$6,442.53, which includes \$4,000 turned over by Messrs.

Duke and Lambeth, trustees, to be used towards the erection of the proposed building. This committee was continued.

The committee on the Alumni Building reported progress, and exhibited for the inspection of the Alumni the architect's plans for the Alumni Building, which it is proposed to erect in connection with the Colonnade Club building. This committee was also continued with power to act in the matter of erecting the building.

The architect's report was as follows:

"To the Colonnade Club, Gentlemen:

At the request of your committee, I have made a careful study of the problem of making such an addition to the present building as will provide sleeping rooms for visiting alumni, and give them a comfortable and attractive place to stay during their visit to the University.

The addition must, of course, be in the rear of the present club, and just here we come upon the crux of the problem—for the yard back of the club is so full of charm and beauty that it would be almost a sacrilege to encroach far upon it with any building no matter how appropriate to its setting.

The plan submitted is the result arrived at after many studies along various lines. It has been selected because it leaves the yard almost intact. The encroachment past the present garden wall, in a westerly direction, is only twenty-eight feet including the porch. This leaves most of the shade trees undisturbed, standing in a yard which still measures in the clear, eighty feet (80) by one hundred and twenty-three feet (123).

The building, after much thought, has been limited in height to one story. This makes it possible to repeat the charm of the Old Lawn Colonnade retaining the long low line of columns, with rooms behind. Over the top of this addition, one will see the main club building, just as the professors pavilions rise behind the Colonnades of the Lawn—only here, an open pergola will replace the covered Colonnade of the Lawn as being better for the lighting of the rooms, and more informal and appropriate to the "garden front" of the building. The rooms back of the Colonnade differ from the Lawn rooms in that they are approached from an interior hall, so that it is possible to reach them from the club without going out into the weather. Each

room connects directly with a bath, and in each room a coat closet has been provided.

The central feature of the addition is to be a large lounging room, with a broad porch overlooking the garden. This room can be made the feature of the entire Club, for it has far more privacy than any of the present public rooms, is larger and has proportions more suitable for use as the general lounging place of a club of this sort. It has been planned with a large fireplace at one end, and arched French windows opening to the porch at the other. It is symmetrical, and could be treated in Colonial style and given dignity without losing the air of comfort and ease so necessary in a lounging room.

Under this room is a billiard and pool room, having the same proportions as the living room above.

The building is to be built of brick with white trimmings, in conformity with the Lawn. Steam heating, and modern plumbing with tiled bathrooms are included in the estimates.

The yard should have a pergola built at the southwest corner, with an elevated terrace at the angle overlooking the garden wall, and vines should be trained in and about the pergola beams in rich luxuriance. Otherwise the yard should remain untouched.

The estimate of costs is given separately. Trusting it may meet with your approval, I am,

Yours very truly,

FERGUSON, CALROW & TAYLOR."

There being no further business before the Association the members adjourned to the large room in Madison Hall to witness the unveiling of a handsome portrait of the late John W. Daniel, of Virginia, and to hear the Alumni address by Professor Lewis Park Chamberlayne, of the University of South Carolina. This admirable address is printed in another part of this number of the BULLETIN.

At 2:00 P. M. the Alumni and Confederate Veterans assembled at the University Commons for luncheon. Hon. John W. Fishburne was unusually happy in his roll of toast master. Rev. Beverly D. Tucker, Jr., welcomed the young alumni into the General Association in a brief but excellent address; and a fitting response on the part of the young alumni was made by

Mr. H. R. Dulany. Brief, but eloquent and masterly addresses, which are printed elsewhere in this BULLETIN, were made by Dr. Henry E. Shepherd, of Baltimore, Md.; by Dr. George Ross, of Virginia, and by President Alderman. There were 260 plates at the luncheon, nearly all of which were taken.

PRESENTATION OF PORTRAIT OF SENATOR DANIEL.

PRESIDING OFFICER, JOHN W. FISHBURNE.—Ladies and Gentlemen: At the request of President Alderman, a portrait of an illustrious alumnus of this University will be presented to the University of Virginia by Reverend Edward Ingle of Washington, D. C., and accepted by Captain Philip Barbour. I have the pleasure of introducing to this audience the Reverend Dr. Edward Ingle.

DR. INGLE.—Mr. President: I have the honor of presenting to the University of Virginia, in behalf of the Rector and Visitors, the portrait of one of her most illustrious sons, the late Major John Warwick Daniel, soldier, jurist, and statesman. He bore in his body, to the end of his earthly life, the marks of his devotion to his country, and to the cause of truth and right, “non ille, pro caris amicis aut patria, timidus perire,” and his fellow citizens and compatriots delighted to honor him with the office of state legislator, representative in congress, and United States Senator from Virginia. You know how ably and well he filled each of the offices to which he was called. I do not need to tell you of his ability as a jurist; “Daniel on Negotiable Instruments” is an accepted authority among legal men. Nor do I need to tell you of his gifts as an orator or how worthily he used them. I will only say that in placing the portrait of John W. Daniel on the walls of the University we are honoring one who reflected signal honor upon his and our beloved Alma Mater.

PRESIDING OFFICER.—Ladies and Gentlemen: I have the honor of introducing to you Captain Philip P. Barbour, who will accept this portrait for the University of Virginia.

CAPTAIN BARBOUR.—Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen, Comrades: It is obviously the irony of fate that I should be called upon to speak in eulogy of John W. Daniel, the recognized peerless orator of his state, known to you all.

To know Major Daniel was to love him; to know his career, his manifold achievements in life, is to honor him. I belonged to the command of General Jubal A. Early and it was as chief of staff of General Early that I first came to know Major Daniel, and even then I did not know him well till after that fateful day—the battle of the Wilderness—when he was borne frightfully wounded to the county of Orange.

There was a man there, a man keenly observant, who having gone out into his yard where young Daniel had been laid, and talked with him, returned to the house and said to his wife: “I have seen a wonder, an old head on young shoulders.” Crushed in body, he was the very ideal of manly beauty, talent written in every lineament of his countenance, in youth giving hostage of his brilliant maturity.

Ours has been a favored lot on this occasion. We have listened with pleasure and just pride to the presentation of the military career of the Army of Northern Virginia, with which Major Daniel was so closely associated, and it would be superfluous for me to add anything in that line, and as his professional, political, and literary achievements have been already referred to by the speaker who has preceded me, I shall not repeat, but there is a thing that I do wish to say touching the personal characteristics of Major Daniel.

There was a thing that characterized the youth of that day. It was an abiding faith and feeling that they were under obligation to serve, first and foremost, God and Country; and along with that faith, and engendered by it, was the inherent manhood and courage to do in accordance with the dictates of conscience and their convictions of duty. Of such was Daniel; and more, he possessed in large degree that higher power, that mental and spiritual culture that gives the finer fibre to mind and heart and fitted him not only to respond promptly and loyally to the tocsin of war, but to the call of every civic duty as well, and gave him a sympathy broad as humanity.

As I stand before you today, mindful of the eloquent addresses to which we have listened with so much pleasure on this occasion, I am admonished that a lengthy address would be out of place, and I forbear. It only remains for me to say that on behalf of the University of Virginia, I gratefully accept the very

elegant and excellent portrait of Major Daniel, here presented, and shall rejoice to see it preserved among the treasured effigies that adorn the walls of this institution. And I trust that as his portrait shall, with others, hang in the gallery of the great and revered, the hearts and minds of our young men who shall gather here in search of learning, may as they contemplate these be educated and led in these higher and holier things.

PRESIDING OFFICER.—Ladies and Gentlemen: In behalf of the General Alumni Association of the University of Virginia, I have the honor and the pleasure of introducing to you as the orator of the day, Dr. L. P. Chamberlayne, a young alumnus of the University of Virginia, master of arts of this institution in 1902, who after training in the best universities of Europe now occupies the position of professor of ancient languages in the University of South Carolina.

CONSERVATISM OR DEMOCRACY?

BY PROFESSOR L. P. CHAMBERLAYNE.

Mr. President and Gentlemen of the Society of the Alumni:

I will not take up your time with apologies for presuming to address you. It is true that I am not a practised speaker, and that I accepted the invitation to speak to you with the utmost diffidence. But unaccustomed as I am to public speaking, my unwillingness to attempt the task was not as great as my appreciation of the honor of addressing this gathering on this day. Every request of the University of Virginia I consider a command, like the request of royalty, and this year an inducement was offered in addition that was irresistible—the presence at our reunion of the alumni who left the University for the front in 1861. No man with blood in his veins could help wanting to join in honoring those men, and to be allowed to speak before them about our relation to the University of Virginia is a privilege so great that unable as I am to do it justice, I would not and dared not let it pass.

In recent years the University has inaugurated the wise custom of inviting back to Finals the men of such and such a year, with the hope that so the nucleus of a class-feeling may be formed that will bring with it the elements of strength which our

loosely organized Alumni Association so sorely needs. In accordance with this plan the alumni of 1902 and 1907 are specially invited to return this year. Yet great as the pleasure is to greet the classmates of five or ten or fifteen years ago, it is the presence of other men that lends to this year's Finals their significance in the history of Alma Mater. Such a deep gulf of time and changes lies between 1861 and 1912 that I can almost imagine that you, our brother-alumni, our fathers, and the friends of our fathers, you men whom the University delights to honor, find it hard to believe you are the same college boys who set out so gaily for Harper's Ferry that April day of 1861. I can well imagine the jokes, the laughter, and the singing that may have marked that trip. The "Southern Guard" and the "Sons of Liberty" came back from that first campaign, we are told, without losing a man. In the memory of the veterans of two years afterwards, the campaign to Harper's Ferry must have seemed a frolic. But to us it is not so. We see them and you in the proper perspective, and we remember that our brother alumni, no older or more experienced than the young fellows who will receive their diplomas in Cabell Hall tomorrow, marched away from the Lawn and the Ranges to Manassas and the Valley Campaign, to Gaines's Mill and Sharpsburg. And you whom I see before me were among them. What can I say, what right have I to speak for the University before you? What can I and my contemporaries, who have been just ten years out of college, say to you who followed fifty years ago the banners of the greatest soldier since Napoleon? Yet we must speak, and before you, undistinguished though we are by any deeds of our own. And after all, we may speak with confidence, for there is a tie that binds us, that binds you heroes of another age and us men of the present. The tie is the relation that brings us here, our brotherhood of common devotion to Alma Mater. That is a phrase much pawed about, and cheapened by trivial tongues, but it expresses a great ideal for all that. The greatest realities, the most awful solemnities are commonplaces, truisms, if we must consider them so. So are love and death to the trivial-minded. Yes, despite the hackneyed language of the declaimers on one hand, and despite our faulty methods of expressing our gratitude to the University

on the other, we do yet feel her to be our Alma Mater, the fostering mother of our ideals. And is she not a mother of a noble type? Is she not possessed of qualities that make it impossible that a son should forget her? She is beautiful, she is proud, she exacts all deference and respect, yet she trusts us absolutely and she is absolutely impartial. We may have done little or much for her, as the case may be, but she, the place, the loveliness that touches us when we return, like the tones of a beloved voice, the memories, the men, the reality of that value in the world which men call the University of Virginia—she has done everything for us.

The outward form of the University has been compared to many things, oftenest perhaps to the cloisters of a monastery, but to me the Lawn with its colonnades bears the strongest likeness to the *agora* of a Greek town. When I saw the forum of Pompeii, I thought instantly of the University. But more than this, the sentiment we feel toward the University bears a striking resemblance to the sentiment of a Greek for his *polis*, his city. To an Athenian, Athens was not merely his capital, but his country, his *patria* itself, the very embodiment of what life was for. So to us, to the great majority of us, "the University," as we fondly call her, "Virginia," as the graduates of today speak of her, represents to us what life means. Our tests of right and wrong we received from her teachings and her standards, and in her we see mirrored again our ideal of what we would be. To be disgraced in her eyes is to be shamed indeed, to be honored by her united voice is true distinction.

And so when I look into the faces of the survivors of the "Southern Guard," the "University Volunteers," and the "Sons of Liberty," it seems to me I am present at one of those occasions in Athens when the men of later days saw before them the warriors who charged at Marathon, or manned the triremes that broke the Great King's armada off Salamis, or pressed shoulder to shoulder over the fence of shields at Plataea. The Greeks never wearied of listening to those glories, nor do we of hearing of your deeds. Once, when her wounds were still raw, the University, bereft of so many noble sons, could not bear to think of their strong young bodies stiff on the bloody slopes of Malvern Hill, or Cemetery Ridge, or under the gloomy pines of Five

Forks. But now after fifty years with their healing touch have passed over those frightful gashes, the still quick regret of Alma Mater for their dear heads touched by the unmelting frost of death is mingled with equal pride that they were hers.

The tie that binds us together as alumni is a precious one, uniting us to such glorious young spirits as David Barton, Percival Elliott, Randolph Fairfax, Robert McKim, Ellis Munford, Wm. Johnson Pegram, George Rust Bedinger, T. J. Randolph, and L. A. Henderson, to mention but a very few out of a galaxy of noble names, and uniting us to you, now old men in years and honors, skilled to sway the council board and skilled to set the battle in array, like Nestor of old, but then the familiar friends and room-mates, aye, and tent-mates too, and comrades in the fore front of the battle with those young equals of Diomedes and Achilles. You were with them when the red battle-flags of the Southern Cross swooped down like the eagle on the plains of Second Manassas; you swept with them over the works of Chancellorsville, while Stuart rode before you singing like Taillefer at Senlac; and with them you beat back the enemy, and conquered cold and hunger and despair at Petersburg.

Yes, you are the remnants of those who fought before Troy and Thebes, and we are the Epigoni, the after-born, the men of the second generation, when the age of the heroes has passed. We were brought up with your deeds ringing in our ears. When we were boys, before we could read, we knew of what you and our fathers had done, and when we were young men, we regretted that we had been born too late.

But we realize that the duty and the privilege of each generation is distinct, although the generations merge into each other, while the steady stream of time in its flow brings men inevitably to new duties even though it does not necessarily sweep them past the old ones. We younger men speak from the heart, not with the glib service of the lips, when we pay reverence and honor to you, our fathers and the friends of our fathers, who fought through the war and rebuilt the shattered South. We honor you just as you honored your grandfathers who founded the republic. Yet we have tasks, too, of our own, and if we do not endeavor to do our best to deserve respect for ourselves, we would ill represent you. And our paramount duty to you and our com-

mon Alma Mater is to do our endeavor that the Virginia your comrades died for resume her proper place in the republic she did so much to create. But to do our duty aright, first of all we must see our way, and I am here today to raise my voice for frank recognition of changed conditions.

We Virginians are in the habit of thinking of the State as old—the Old Dominion our ancestors called it, “his majesty’s ancient dominion in Virginia,” when it was really scarce sixty years from Jamestown. But all values are relative, you say, and Virginia is old compared to most American communities. Actually, however, what is Virginia with her three hundred years of history but a young community? It seems to me our fond dwelling on the past is like the introspection of a boy who, just arrived at the self-conscious age, loves to speak of the time when he was young. I tell you that Virginia and her sister states are to endure, if we may speak humanly, for ages and ages to come, and great as was the Virginia of the 60’s of the last century, ringed with iron and flame, where the forms of giants loomed dim through the cannon smoke, the Virginia of the present and the future must be her successor. And why should she not dare to be? Everywhere there is encouragement around us. I will not detain you here with statistics of material growth, the increase of population, the spread of new industries, the accumulation of greater stocks of capital, the improvement of methods of farming—I wish to call your attention only to the acknowledged evidences of prosperity in Virginia as equal evidence that the Virginia of the future will inevitably be a very greatly different Virginia from the old one. Do not misunderstand me. What I have just suggested—smoking factory chimneys, railroads, banking facilities, shipyards, and iron mines, acres of tossing corn and lusty green tobacco, orchard after orchard of apples—I do not consider civilization, only the seed bed out of which civilization grows. The most precious crop of Virginia has ever been her seed of the dragon’s teeth—her crop of men. It is men that Virginia has made, and men that have made Virginia. Would we give the legacy of the men whose statues stand in the Capitol Square and in the streets of Richmond for all the steel rails ever rolled in Pittsburg, plus all the wheat and corn ever reaped in the Dakotas?

The answer is simple. But we must remember that the tasks the future sets our Virginia men and women must be different from those of the past. What that past was, many of you here know better than we young men. I do not believe you can love it more. There is no such thing as ancient history in Virginia—every step we take is conditioned largely by the past, and we could not cut ourselves abruptly off from it if we would. But it is the future that confronts us, not the past, and I tell you we cannot meet it with the beliefs and methods of the past Virginia only.

In a word, Virginia and the whole South, but foremost of all, Virginia, are in process of remaking. I was brought up to hate the phrase "The New South," as we all were. To us it meant a revised and abridged and expurgated edition, published by Charles Sumner, Thad. Stevens and Co., Boston and Philadelphia. But for all that, and in spite, too, of the ill savor of such a word as reconstruction, we are living right now in a South that is new and in process of reconstructing itself. What other names can you apply to such changes as are going on around us—all the result of natural forces brought into play under our own planning and with our own consent. In 1861, the combined population of the capitals of the seceding states was just 91,000. Today the South is becoming dotted with towns that size and over. The population here, as elsewhere, is moving into the towns (though very much more slowly), and as we grow more urban we find ourselves face to face with a hundred perplexing questions unknown to the rural South of half a century ago. What shall we say about the rights of labor and capital, about the whole problem of riches and poverty, and the criminal? What is more, how shall we treat him? What of the new methods of government in city council and in legislature? The threatened collapse of old party alignment, the application of exact science to agriculture, of all callings, the tendency to shift the social centre of the community from the church to the school, the counter tendency to lay more emphasis than ever before on the social activities and duties of the church, the accompanying change in religion through the application of historical science to the study of the Bible, the new demands of women, who insist on sharing the more considerate treatment we accord children and the criminal and inefficient

classes—what does all this mean but a remaking of the South? But you say: "All this is not peculiar to the South. It is just what is going on all over the world," and I answer, that is exactly what constitutes the revolution. The present day South is drawn more and more strongly into the mighty current of the life of the world. Our Southern States, held back by the negro and the war which wiped out the stock, fittings, and good will of our civilization, are now just about on equal terms with the Northwest in that respect, with the newest part of the common country, and we are now after fifty years of peace just ready to begin in earnest to forge ahead. By the decree of Fate, which is to say by the will of God, we of the South have more of the rough work of civilization still to do than other parts of the country whose history is less grandly tragic. The first to begin, foremost of the whole nation in the calibre of our typical men, we are still held back by the mistake of past generations of Europeans, who, too eager to subdue the New World to fertility, brought in the cheap labor of African savages where only the choicest materials of nationality should have been admitted. They did not think of the future. Who knows what Pandora's box we may be leaving our heirs and descendants, for a people recognizes its own acts only in their consequences. In my opinion, further than the eye of the most gifted seer can penetrate the future we shall continue to be handicapped by the results of the cargo the Dutch ship landed at Jamestown in 1619.

Yet handicaps are not allowed to excuse nations or communities. We have to compete with the whole world, and all the world demands results of us. Yes, the world expects values from Virginia in the future, the remade Virginia I have been trying to indicate, as the world received values from the Virginia of the past.

And what kind of fruit may men expect, what sort of values shall they demand of the mother of Washington, Jefferson, Marshall, and Lee; the giver of the Northwest Territory to the Union; the state that chose the weaker side in 1861, though the stronger was favored by the stars in their courses? If men can rightly demand anything of Virginia, that thing, the holy obligation of her glorious past, is public spirit, a deep consciousness of the

duty of the whole state, and men with the courage and will to proclaim it.

We Virginians have produced little great literature, little great art, no great scientist, and no philosophy, but in one thing, public spirit, we were able once to look even Rome in the face without shame. What form of life, what constitution of society that public spirit must exert itself in for the future, you may learn from one glance at what is going on in Portugal, in England, even in China, as well as all over our own republic. The society of the future Virginia will be democratic, and the chief duty of Virginians today is to prepare for that democracy. Virginians have always been lovers of liberty, and the greatest of them have been democratic. Nevertheless, we all know the type of man who protests that he despises democracy, who cherishes a pious faith in the divine right of the few, himself included, to rule the many. I have known alumni of this University, pure men, personally generous, lovers of their state and country within the limits of this creed, who openly proclaimed democracy a delusion of the common herd, a fond ideal that sensible men smiled indulgently at, and designing men used as a means of raising themselves to selfish authority. But what is democracy? In my opinion, it has been defined best by H. D. Sedgwick, who says, "The fundamental truth of democracy is the belief that the real pleasures of life are increased by sharing them." Gamaliel Bradford calls Robert E. Lee a true democrat after that order, and what better definition could be given of Jeffersonian Democracy—the true, not the spurious kind? How can a University of Virginia man help believing in democracy? What is so good as truth and honor, and what is our honor system, the breath of the nostrils of this place, but a determination to share truth and honor and responsibility with the students and not confine them to the Faculty? To share your richest possessions with a man you must trust him, and the power of such confidence and sympathy, or in other words, love, is shown today by the success of the honor system even among hardened criminals in the penitentiaries. Democracy, then, is the very essence of the true spirit of the University of Virginia, the University that counts and is honored in the outside world as well as here on the Lawn, and that in spite of very undemocratic customs and organizations

which have lately had a rather alarming growth in this institution as in others.

But I will not speak of Virginia merely in the sense in which the "rooter" uses it. It is too big a word for us to arrogate to ourselves. I mean the Virginia of history. Democracy I dare affirm is the spirit of that Virginia too, and through all the difficulties of its life, the greatest Virginians (not all the good or the great ones, but I assert again the best and the greatest) have stood for democracy. Again, I say, I mean not any siding for the poor man as against the rich, but leaving the matter of possessions out of account, I mean by democracy the free, energetic, hopeful view of life, which considers other men and the future, as against the repressive, negative, despondent view which is fixed on itself and the past.

Now I know I shall not have the support of some of you in what I am about to say, for we Virginians are almost as great worshippers of our ancestors as the Romans in antiquity, or the Chinese of today, or rather of yesterday. But when I think of the two idols of this institution, Jefferson, the arch-innovator, the iconoclast, for he was no less, and Lee, whose eyes saw life so steadily and so whole that they could discern the future of Virginia even through the smoke that filled the air over Military District No. 1—when I remember such men I feel sure our own common devotion to everything old, just because it is old, our everlastingly praised "conservatism" is only half a virtue, naturally as we come by it, and dearly as the English blood in us cherishes it. Some tendency to resist change a people must of course have, but nobody who reflects can doubt that like the celebrated Kansans who set out to raise Cain, we have made an overproduction. The same men who are ready to sneer at the ideal of democracy are pretty sure to pride themselves on their "conservatism." When I was a boy I used to hear the word *ad nauseam*. That was no doubt partly because the word expressed also aversion to the radical régime of hateful memory. But it had grown to a general expression of the highest praise for man or measure. Characteristically, the greatest evil that could happen to any valuable thing was to be popularized, that is, made democratic. I said when I was a boy. That was only poetic license. Many good Virginians still express their ideal in that poor, pitiful, nega-

tive way. What is conservatism, conservatism alone, the mere keeping intact of what is? It is a mere process of embalming. What does standpatter mean but conservative? I tell you, gentlemen, the men who would persuade the younger generation of our University and state, and have no loftier motive to appeal to than the mere dull inertia that will resist change, I tell you such men have misread the signs of the times. Yet such attempts are still made. It is hardly surprising that they are made in party-politics, for there the language of the tribe is one entirely obsolete in the world of living forces. In Virginia politics today "wisdom" is defined in the Solomonic terms of ability to sit still and say nothing, "sagacity" is the quality of seeing how the cat will jump, "laudable caution" is the name given to what common men, when they use slang, call pussy-footing around; to sit comfortably in the straw, refusing to express one's self and refusing to others the permission to express any opinion on matters of principle, is called "Virginia observing the ancient landmarks," and the whole process is summed up in party parlance as "statesmanlike conservatism." What a noble language for the state of Jefferson and Lee, the Jefferson who boldly advocated learning anything good from any source whatever, and taught America to make the people worthy of trust by trusting them; and the Lee whose preservation of what he held consisted in a vigorous advance, whose caution was the knowledge when to take necessary risks, and then strike like a thunderbolt, because his conservatism was based always on lightning-swift recognition of a fact.

Yes, I return to those two reverend names of Thomas Jefferson and Robert Lee because we younger men have a work to do in Virginia no less necessary, though less heroic, than was yours in the days when there were giants in the land. You and the heroes whose names are written in bronze on the front of the Rotunda have rendered to the University of Virginia more glory than any other body of her alumni. But on our shoulders the burden must lie, not only of preserving her fame and yours, but of advancing her banners everywhere. Two tasks particularly seem to me to be so plain before the present generation in Virginia that I cannot help speaking of them here and now, though in the briefest terms. I said two tasks,

but they are one: compulsory education for every child, white or negro, and just taxation in order to carry it out. These two measures are what the average untrained mind in Virginia calls radical. They are certainly not conservative in the Virginia sense, and so I have chosen this occasion to advocate them. If Virginia is not a land of the dead, changes must and will take place, and if the alumni of the University of Virginia are not willing or able to outline the courses to be followed, then the result will be that others will outline them for us.

I will not argue here for compulsory education, for in all civilized countries it is now axiomatic. And the figures I will quote are very few. In Virginia in 1900, twelve or more voters out of every one hundred, nearly *one in eight*, were unable to read or write. With all the schools, under our present system of allowing children to come or not as they choose, the illiterates decreased between 1890 and 1900 only seven thousand. The population of our state is in round numbers two-thirds white, and one-third negro. Of the whites almost one-eighth were illiterate, of the negroes almost one-half. But since the whites outnumber the negroes two to one, it is plain that ten years ago the actual number of illiterate white men in Virginia was one-half as great as the number of illiterate negroes.

Perhaps some of you think me tactless for introducing disagreeable subjects into our family party, but I say no, a thousand times no, to such an objection. The alumni of fifty years ago were faced by the most disagreeable subjects at the Finals of 1861. Let us learn from them to look facts in the face, and continue their battle for the ideals of the University of Virginia.

ALUMNI LUNCHEON.

JUNE 11, 1912.

PRESIDING OFFICER, TOASTMASTER JOHN W. FISHBURNE: The final celebrations of this session have been the most notable in its history. We feel that what has added most to the enjoyment of this occasion has been the presence of those alumni who gallantly went forth in 1861 from this institution, and who have conferred honor on their Alma Mater and the state of Virginia. I am proud of being an alumnus of the University of Virginia when I know that it makes me a brother of these gallant men. Did it ever occur to you, or does it occur to you that one week from today the representatives of eight million republicans meet in the city of Chicago to attempt to devise some means to prevent an alumnus of the University of Virginia from being President of this United States? We have a custom in the Alumni Association each year of having one of the older alumni welcome the graduate alumni to our midst. Today I will call upon a gentleman to perform that duty who is a distinguished graduate of the University of Virginia, who was one of the first men sent on the Rhodes Scholarship to Oxford, is a Bachelor of Arts of Oxford, and on Saturday next will sail to England, where the degree of Master of Arts will be conferred upon him. We send over to old England a Tucker from Virginia, we want to show these Englishmen a genuine Englishman. I have the honor of introducing to you now Rev. Beverly D. Tucker, who will welcome the young alumni into our midst.

MR. TUCKER.—Mr. Toastmaster, Honorable Guests and Fellow Alumni: The gentleman who was to have made this address was prevented from being present so I have come in at the eleventh hour. I must say that though I graduated ten years ago, it is very difficult for me to realize that I belong at the present time with the august body of alumni. I rather associate myself with the undergraduates. I always felt that the alumni were very old men with long gray beards and no hair on top of their heads. It is a very great pleasure to welcome you into the alumni association of the class of '12. I have been connected with the University one way or another for about

thirteen years, and I must say that in that experience, I have never known a more successful and more encouraging year for the University of Virginia than the past session. Unquestionably the undergraduates this year caught a new spirit; I think they have set a standard which we have seldom had before; there has been a great manifestation of that public spirit of which Mr. Chamberlayne spoke this morning. So I am sure that the new blood will be a wonderful acquisition; they will put new blood into our body of alumni.

One serious line of thought to the young graduates, assuming my position of seniority, is, what is the true relation of the alumnus to our Alma Mater? Though I have been a graduate of other institutions I still think of the University of Virginia as the only Alma Mater that I have. What is the true relation? When we go out we leave behind us our student name. I think perhaps the usual idea of an alumnus is that when a man leaves an institution he becomes a retired student; but that is a false conception of the thing, both in the direction of intellectual development and loyalty and devotion and love to the Alma Mater. In fact, when a man leaves college, instead of his student days ending, they are only begun. But it only takes a very few days as an alumnus to indicate to us that that degree that we have taken at the end of our college course is but the first degree and that there are 360 degrees to complete the revolution of our life. We have learned to approach life as students, from men who realize that life is larger than any conception of life that the individual may be able to gain of it. We go not forth as finished students; we go forth as students to learn from life everywhere, to learn from fellow men, from our social relationships, and business relationships. And this is true in respect to our loyalty and devotion to the University of Virginia. When we take our degrees, we are not graduated in our loyalty and our devotion; we are simply becoming alumni. During our undergraduate days we have been taking what Alma Mater has to give us. She has back of her years of experience and tradition and noble ideas which she gives to us freely and which we have taken, and it becomes our responsibility as alumni to try to give back to her by giving to other men the same vital feeling, the same wonderful attitude toward life, the attitude of the student. So

I think that as alumni we have not in any sense of the word graduated. We come back here each year feeling that our Alma Mater has done much for us; we must do much for her. We heard from Dr. Chamberlayne of the wonderful influence of the old and the tendency to cling to the past. What we need to realize is this, that we should have the same old spirit that makes the University of Virginia something different from every other institution—because she has an atmosphere which the modern University does not have—and then to realize that if the University is to do in the future what she has done in the past, she must readapt that spirit to the new things, new impulses, new movements of our generation and our life, and that is what is incumbent upon the young graduates. They must give back to the University what they have received in a new form; they have taken from the University the wealth of her ideals and outlook, and they must come back to her with their new visions, standing upon her shoulders as it were. They must tell her what they can see of the present and the future, and so the institution will become your institution, because she has not only the noble ideas of these men who come back from '61 to '65; she also has the hopes of the young men who are dreaming for her future to come.

And so, gentlemen of the graduating class of 1912, I take great pleasure, I feel it a great deal of honor to be able to welcome you into this body of the alumni, and as I have said I think this graduating class represents the high-water mark in the life of the University of Virginia. They are men who have displayed initiative, men who have taken hold of college life, and as recruits to our alumni, they bring new blood and new life to this organization, and in behalf of the Alumni of Virginia I welcome you into the body of the alumni.

TOASTMASTER.—Gentlemen, Brethren of the Alumni: I expect to call upon a gentleman to respond in behalf of the graduates of this session, to the very earnest speech that has been made by Mr. Tucker, a young gentleman who is a representative student of the University of Virginia; who has been at this institution long enough to take the degree of Bachelor of Arts, and will be honored this year with the degree of Bachelor of Law. This gentleman is a man perhaps not known to some of those here, but when I mention his name it is a name familiar

to all Virginians in the sound of my voice. I have the pleasure of introducing to you Mr. Henry Rozier Dulaney.

MR. DULANEY.—Mr Toastmaster, Gentlemen: It is indeed with great pleasure that I, on behalf of the class of 1912, thank you, Mr. Tucker, for the cordial reception that you have just extended to us. We are proud to be with you, and accept with pleasure your courteous invitation to join the ranks of the alumni of the University of Virginia. It is a very happy feeling to think that we can go up to any distinguished alumnus we may meet and holding out the hand of friendship and brotherhood say: "I, too, went to Virginia."

In the presence of so many veteran alumni our hearts swell with pride to think that we are linked by the bond of Alma Mater to these heroes of many hard fought battles who leaving their dear college, fought, and toiled, and suffered for what was even dearer to them—their native land. But our pride is tinged with sorrow when we think of all those brave souls, of all those southern boys in the bloom of their youth who gave their all and died for a lost cause. Their record is a dear memory, which the class of 1912, as well as the whole University of Virginia, cherishes as sacred.

But why dwell on what Wordsworth calls "old unhappy far off things and battles long ago." You alumni who have not been here for some years past will find old Virginia the same fond mother she has always been. Those lines of Tennyson describe her well: "For men may come and men may go, but I go on forever." The same close friendly relations between the faculty and students exists as it did formerly; the same traditions; the same high code of honor; the same general atmosphere is unchanged and will remain so as long as Virginia is Virginia. Every man who enters college is regarded as a man and a gentleman until he proves himself otherwise and then he must go. And the word "gentleman" has come to have a wider significance, a greater inclusiveness on account of the student sentiment condemning certain evils.

We entered college as green and ignorant boys. Then was the first great transition through which every college man must pass. Everything was strange and new; we were strangers in a strange land, and had to make new acquaintances and friends, and adapt ourselves to new customs and ways. How

much did we appreciate any little kindness that was done us on the part of the faculty and our fellow students, and how hard did we try to find some way in which to repay it. Then for the first time were we cut loose from all restraint and found ourselves free from the commands of parents and the discipline of a school. Then we were thrown on our own resources and had to choose for ourselves; then for the first time did temptation come to us in a real live virulent form; we met the crisis face to face and emerging victorious were better men because of the conflict, for no man knows his strength until he has met temptation.

We are now about to enter into the second great transition period, that is from student to alumnus. To look back on all those good times, on all those happy days spent in college, probably the happiest of our lives, is a pleasant recollection. But to think that they are passed and gone forever, and that we must bid them good-bye makes us sad.

We wish to thank the members of the faculty for the courtesy that they have shown us, for the interest that they have taken in us, and for the good that they have done us. We stand on the threshold of life with the world stretched out before us, with all its possibilities, with all its successes and disappointments, with all its joys and sorrows, and unquestionably we can better wage the battle of life for having gone to Virginia. And when we think of all that Virginia has done for us, of the great debt that we owe her, we are inspired to go out and try in some way to repay a portion of this indebtedness. We realize fully that we can never pay it all, yet we will do everything in our power to show our love and gratitude.

We, the alumni freshmen, realize that we are green and ignorant as freshmen always are, yet you will find us respectful to our superiors, always ready and willing to help and aid the University with all the means at our disposal, and loyal and true until death.

Ever shall our motto be:

“New occasions teach new duties; Time makes ancient good uncouth;
They must upward still and onward who would keep abreast of truth.”

TOASTMASTER.—Fellow Alumni: We have heard from the young alumni welcoming the young alumni into our midst, and I desire to now call upon an older alumnus to tell us something of the battle of life that has been fuller than any that we younger men can more than dream of, and when we approach that class of our alumni, we are on the verge of tears. I feel that the University of Virginia has done itself great honor by summoning back to its walls those old alumni that responded to the call to arms in 1861.

“A rose to the living is more
Than sumptuous wreaths to the dead:
In filling love’s infinite store,
A rose to the living is more,
If graciously given before
The hungering spirit is fled,—
A rose to the living is more
Than sumptuous wreaths to the dead.”

I desire to call upon a gentleman now who went out from the walls of his Alma Mater in 1861, and on his body bears the brave mementos of battles well fought, and who since that time has distinguished himself in the lines of scholar, author, and teacher, and in every line has done something to confer great honor upon his Alma Mater. I have the privilege of introducing to you Dr. Henry E. Shepherd, of Baltimore, Md.

DR. SHEPHERD.—Fellow Alumni and Young Gentlemen of the University: The links between the dark past revealed in 51 years, which bind the generations each to each: My honored friend, Dr. Alderman has advised me that I have an unlimited range of selection at my command. However, I shall endeavor to practice a judicious reserve, and gather from this vast affluence something that is tangible and concrete lest I should trespass upon the proprieties of the occasion.

I was one of the youngest students in the University of Virginia in my day, having barely attained the legal age then required for admission. I was one of the first that went out, Randolph H. McKim and myself. I have none of that feeling toward my Alma Mater which Mr. Tucker referred to, and that Matthew Arnold in one of his misanthropic moods (applied to Oxford, when he described it) as “the home of lost

causes and impossible loyalties." I went out among the first, and here there rises up in that suggestion which occurs to one to whom a thousand memories call, the fact that as was well said by the gentleman who preceded me, that next Tuesday (June 18) will be the date that marks the assembling of the republican convention in Chicago, whose prime object is to prevent from being president of the United States an alumnus of the University of Virginia. The gentleman omitted, if he will pardon me, the most essential and vital feature in his whole statement, that next Tuesday is the 97th anniversary of the battle of Waterloo. May our political satans fall like lightning from Heaven; God grant they may meet a Waterloo defeat, horse, foot and dragoon.

It has been suggested that I should confine myself to those gentlemen who have passed into the World of Light. "They are all gone into the World of Light and we alone are lingering here; their very memory is fair and bright and our sad hearts doth clear." As on some All-Saints' day when the spirits of the dead, it is possible in my belief at least, may be especially near to the living, in the dim retrospect and vision of more than half a century I can not but repeat the words of the great Laureate: "Not in utter nakedness, not in entire forgetfulness, but trailing clouds of glory do they come, from God, who is their home."

Nothing rejoices me more in the contemplation of 51 years of active life and struggle, than when I contemplate my Alma Mater, during that long historic period to observe that she has never displayed any example of what might be called political apostasy or a denial of those principles for which men like Dr. McKim and many other brothers offered proudly our young lives. I could not endure, if it were my fate, to see the abomination of political desolation standing in the holy places of my Alma Mater. And as a student looking out from all points of view, and over all types and forms of civilization in that gloom which gives strength, and in that meditation which added continual power to so sublime a nature as Frederick W. Robertson and others, I have reached this result. Nothing in connection with the long period of half a century has so wrought itself into my consciousness as this strange spirit of vindication; I do not

say vengeance for I do not wish to usurp the divine prerogative, but I mean this, that in the light of 67 years I am more intensely, more logically, more Christianly, if I may so express it, a Confederate, than when I left these halls a youth of 16 in April, 1861.

I now take up the topic it seems the gentlemen have been kind enough to indicate for me lest I should indulge in rambling for I speak without notes of any kind, and had not the slightest intimation of the nature or the range of my subject. They suggested that I should confine myself to the two professors who went from the University of Virginia into the Confederate army. The lamented dead like Holmes, Schele de Vere, McGuffey, Bledsoe, Minor and others rise up like a mighty cloud of witnesses. Of the only two members of the faculty that entered the service from the University one was Mr. Gildersleeve, then in the white flower of his youth, with whom I was brought into more intimate relation when he was sent from the University of Virginia to develop the glory of the Johns Hopkins University. It is an enviable and rare experience, my dear brethren, for a man to see two sides or phases of another man's life, the lad of 16 and the man of 29; the man of 80 and the student of 65. The other, Mr. Coleman, was a patriot of the very highest order, exact, accurate, faithful, devoted, assiduous. In November, 1860, we had an immense gathering on the lawn; in those days known as "Kalithump." He rushed out face to face with 100 students and confronted them as he did the enemy on the heights of Fredericksburg with his battery when he laid down his life, fearless, bold, manly, yet courteous, representing all the elements of that type which was so characteristic of the University of Virginia.

I speak decidedly. I do not wish to commit myself to any overwrought statement, but there is no man in America who has more thoroughly engraved himself into the enlightened world, that world of scholarly ideals beyond the silver seas, than our professor of Greek. I was requested, and I consider it one of the highest tributes ever paid me, to make out for the University of Oxford a list of his publications, and prepared an account of his intellectual life. If I were asked to designate the highest achievement of classical scholarship in America in the last cen-

ture I should say undoubtedly the introduction to Mr. Gildersleeve's edition of Pindar. I am speaking only for myself, but I do not know any man that has ever appeared in this country who has revealed that marvelous harmony, the power not only to deal with the heart of the language, not merely with its material form or structure, but to unite with this the spiritual side, the æsthetic flavor. Mr. Gildersleeve in addition to this wonderful scholarship, this comprehensive tendency, this subtilizing intellect, had with it a power of wit that was as rare as that of Sidney Smith. Would you like to know what he suggested as a motto for the Southern Confederacy? "Get a cabbage head, and put on it 'Lettuca solus,' 'Lettuce alone.'" This was the type of men who went out of the University, and when the University in Baltimore with all its prejudices against the ideals and standards for which you and I offered our young lives, was created, they were compelled in the year '76 to draw upon the University of Virginia to invest their own institution with the splendor which has grown more and more in each successive year of its development. There stands the man of fourscore, having a somewhat priestly aspect. "Age has not withered him, nor custom staled his infinite variety."

And now let me say just a word about some of the men who were trained in that school, and note you I speak only of those who have gone into their rest. Among the few who have left their mark upon the history of the world, how many of you know of the Reverend John Johnson, of Charleston, S. C.? Do you know that he gave up a most lucrative position as an engineer, and consecrated himself to the preaching of the gospel? His defense of Charleston harbor is also most notable, and his book has become a military classic. I was at the home of Mr. Bryce in London. He had been in Charleston and almost the first question was: "How is the Reverend John Johnson?"

These are only a few; I have not time to dwell upon the rest. I see them pass before me in the manner that I have indicated. But after wide observation and careful study of the great standards of scholarship none have more profoundly impressed me than the happy co-ordination and harmony which marked the old M. A. degree of the University of Virginia.

In so far as my relation to the war is concerned, I did not

purposely touch upon that subject. There have been men whose experience is much more thorough and more broad than mine, like Dr. McKim, as well as all the rich literature produced by such writers as Battine and Henderson. Your attention to one point which I consider of vital importance and that is that July, 1913, will mark the fiftieth anniversary of the battle of Gettysburg. There will be a determined effort to misrepresent the nature of that struggle and to prove that that three-days' conflict which was only a repulse, was the critical point of the war. Look beyond that; at all those triumphs, all that marvelous strategy of 1864 which Battine himself has declared in his "Crisis of the Confederacy" even surpassed in its character the wonderful achievements of Napoleon before he laid down his arms and went into temporary exile on the island of Elba. I am not a Virginian by birth, merely by descent, but there is one point which I wish to note as being perhaps the first historic instance of the name of this great commonwealth in all the literature of the English language. I do not say absolutely the first, but the first that is notable. When Edmund Spenser dedicated the first three books of "The Fairy Queen" to Elizabeth, in 1590, the poet was inspired by the hope that they "might live with the eternity of her fame."

All the dramatic forces which blend in the England of Shakespeare, the achievements of Raleigh, the revelation of the "Unformed Occident," the advent of Bacon, and the coming in the near future of the Authorized Version, such was the range of his vision, such the sources of his inspiration. To a commonwealth fusing in its very name and origin all the finer elements of historic attainment and ideal heroism, nothing in the sphere of manly emprise, moral or intellectual, can be regarded as impossible.

I render this frail tribute, without conscious egotism—"for the deed's sake, have I done the deed." Let me forbear at this point, lest patience should more than have her perfect work. "If it were done when it is done, then it were well it were done quickly." To our colleagues and comrades, the Maupins, Allens, Prices, Pendletons, Johnsons, and a goodly company of others who have carried into all lands the renown of the University, the fame of her scholarship, and the glory

of her chivalry, let us apply with reverence, the language of the Hebrew prophet, embodied in the purest type of our great creative age,

“Come from the four winds
O breath, and breathe upon these slain that they may live.”

TOASTMASTER.—Fellow Alumni: In introducing the gentleman who has just taken his seat, I spoke of him as a soldier distinguished in the Civil War, as a scholar, and an author and a teacher. If before introducing him, I had heard the beautiful address that he has just delivered, I would have spoken of him also as a gifted and accomplished orator. I have the pleasure, fellow alumni, of introducing to you another veteran of the alumni, a man who fought through the Civil War with distinguished bravery and has fought bravely the battle of life since; he was a poet and is still a poet. You are perhaps familiar with an edition of his poems entitled “Gathered Leaves,” and one poem of his will perhaps be remembered especially on this occasion, entitled “Falling Out the Ranks.” I have the pleasure and the honor of introducing to you Dr. George Ross, of Richmond, Va.

DR. ROSS.—Mr. Toastmaster, Fellow Alumni and Comrades: Following such a speaker as has just entranced us with his exhaustless fund of information and sparkling bits of humor, you might well say of me, “*Forhausit faucebus.*” How great is our privilege, and how rarely can men enjoy so distinctively an impressive and inspiring extemporaneous outpour of food for thought!

Your gracious toastmaster suggests that the occasion is fitting for the recitation of some war reminiscences called “Falling Out the Ranks” that I had the temerity to make permanent record of in a book of gathered leaves. I cheerfully yield to his desire.

FALLING OUT THE RANKS.

One by one we are falling out
The ranks, old soldier boys;
Nor much the fact that ranks grow thin
Our equipoise destroys.

Trained well we were at mother's knee,
And taught by father's tongue,

We proudly played the role of men,
And brave men marched among.

We questioned not the legal right
Which held us in the ranks;
We felt the thrill of patriot hearts,
Nor courted country's thanks.

Shoulder to shoulder, in serried ranks
We've stood as shot and shell
Did plow their way 'cross hot-fought fields,
And wept as our comrades fell.

Not, surely, on Culloden's plains,
Nor 'neath Italia's skies
Were loftier deeds at Marengo,
Where France with Austria vies.

We waged the fight with might and main,
Where "Stonewall" led the way;
Each listening with quickened sense,
What "Marse Bob Lee" might say.

We caught in ranks, the last resound
Of cannon's echoing thunder;
Nor dared there flit 'cross any mind
The thought that "Lee" could blunder.

We heard the fiat: "War's no more
And peace proclaimed!" in sorrow:
We furled our flag; in faith turned face
Toward home, toward God, toward hope in
His tomorrow!

Yes, one by one, just falling out the ranks we surely are; and how conspicuously is the fact brought home to us who now find ourselves grasping hands again on these sacred places after an absence of nearly a half century. What pleasure is awakened, what wonderment, and how many sad regrets at the absence of well-remembered faces in "the long ago!" Today I have retraced spots hereabouts dear to me as remembered college kisses. I have re-traversed the site of the old Rotunda, in which I so gladly ministered to the Southern heroes wounded in the first battle of Manassas, July 21, 1861. I have stood on the steps from which I cried out, "Fall in!" to the members of the "Southern Guard"—composed of as splendid young men as ever

obeyed commanders' orders. Marched them direct to Harper's Ferry on the 17th day of April, 1861. And now I revel in fancy while I look over this assemblage. I see these newly made members of the society of alumni of this University, and uniform them as recruits in the great army making battle in life's unceasing warfare. I station them as "vedettes" in valleys and on mountain sides for a service which is new and untried. I ask what aspirations move them? Will they remember and treasure and emulate the record of these old veterans—venerable gray beards, who have "fought a good fight and have kept the faith," and who weary and worn in the service of country, now sit before them? They have striven to bear always aloft the banner of Alma Mater, and would deliver it into the hands of you standard bearer "vedettes," untarnished by a suspicion of disloyalty. Do you realize that no chance, no destiny, no fate, can circumvent or hinder or control the firm resolve of a determined soul? That gifts count for nothing; that will alone is great; that all things fall down before it soon or late? That the fool 'tis prates of luck; that fortunate is he whose earnest purpose never swerves; whose slightest action or inaction, serves the one great aim? That a pure character and lofty purpose are the bases of all things worth counting in man? That they are the only qualities governing human action, giving promise of enduring rewards in this life; and the only personal credentials one may venture to present at the court of final assize? If these be the things toward which you aspire; if to this declaration of a creed you stand ready to reverberate and send back the echo credo! then, young gentlemen, I make bold to affirm that when the revolutions of the wheels of time shall have confronted you with the consciousness of lengthening shadows, and the setting sun, gathering the gorgeous evening clouds, frames them into glorious pictures athwart the evening skies, men will cry out, behold! a man! A man? Aye, lion-hearted, daring all a man doth dare; a pure man—silhouetted; let all the world declare. Then, young gentlemen, buckle tight your armor, quit ye all like men, let *duty* be your watchword; the guerdon's only then.

"Strew good deeds through the world as though sent
As God sows stars in the firmament."

TOASTMASTER.—Fellow Alumni: This meeting would be incomplete indeed unless we had some words from an adopted son of old Virginia who has consecrated his life and his talents to the upbuilding of our Alma Mater. I desire to call upon a gentleman who is dear to us, the president of this University, Dr. Alderman.

PRESIDENT ALDERMAN.—Mr. Toastmaster and My Dear, Dear Friends: All the dictates of good taste, and all the suggestions of humility, and all the instincts of common sense suggest to me at this hour that I speak to you briefly and simply, and yet I must speak to you. To attempt any sort of climax to this great occasion, to attempt to put my feet upon the lowest rung of that golden stairway of noble speech that began last night with the brilliant eloquence of Judge Speer, and continued through last evening with the strong, earnest talk of these old warriors and that has just culminated today with the glowing and brilliant analysis of my dear old friend here, Dr. Shepherd, and with the poetic fervor of this old soldier poet, Dr. Ross, would be an adventure in anti-climax that I dare not attempt, and besides I am too happy to try to make a speech. A man needs to be under a sort of nervous excitement when he makes a speech, and I am too happy for that, for I have witnessed today in this splendid company, and this great enthusiasm, the fulfillment of a dream of eight years.

I can understand from my short association with the Veterans of '61 what manner of men they must have been in their prime, for I have been with some of them since yesterday, and I can testify that they know no weariness, and such a combination of sweetness and strength, of hardihood and gentleness, of modesty and power it has not been my fortune to meet. I can understand what manner of youth they were when the flush of battle painted their faces in the days of '61 and '62, and I know full well what they have done in their generation to win the regard and conquer the esteem of this modern world. I heard a story the other day that may serve to illustrate this power. Two darkies were discussing the North and the South, and one took the side of the North and the other the South. The one on the side of the South said that the North did not act right after the war, that it ought to have acted like the old father did in the

story of the Prodigal Son, and when the Southern people came back they should have been glad to forgive and receive them. And the Northern champion replied, "Rastus, you missed the pint of that parable entirely; the fust thing that son said to his Daddy was 'I'm sorry,' and the Southern man he aint never said he sorry about anything. He just come walking up the road, lean, hungry and tired, and he walked right on with his head up and he walked right straight into the dining room and plumped himself down at the dining table and said: 'Whar's that veal?'"

I am justified in declaring that these veterans have been doing that sort of thing all over this country; they have gone into New York City, and gotten their veal; they have gone into the great professions, north and south, east and west, and by the exhibition of the same sort of hardihood and courage and strength that you have seen them illustrate here today, they have gotten their veal and asserted themselves in the history of this later time.

But, my friends, I have not forgotten that I said that I would not make you a set speech. I shall have to do that tomorrow when finally with solemn pride and happiness we shall welcome you, and attempt to honor you, and I am afraid that something I shall want to say then will spill over now. I recall a story I heard of the preacher who was preaching about the miracle of the loaves and fishes, and spoke of feeding the multitude with 5,000 loaves and 2,000 fishes, and an old man sitting on the front seat said: "By Gum, that was no miracle; I could do that myself." When the sermon was over, the minister discovered his error and resolved to right matters, so next Sunday he carefully enunciated five loaves and two fishes, and turned proudly to the old fellow and said: "I suppose you could perform that miracle too." The old fellow said, "Yes, I think I could." The preacher asked how he would manage it, and the old fellow said: "With what was left over from last Sunday."

Well, now, I want something left over for tomorrow myself. My task at this last coming together of all the elements of our life always has been a threefold one of welcome, of gratitude, and of hope. My first duty is to welcome our guests here, especially this extraordinary company that has come back to en-

rich our annals with the story of their deeds. I am glad to welcome as our guests friends and colleagues from other Universities and other parts of our common country. It gives me peculiar happiness to see here, for instance, Mr. Theodore Wang, of the Republic of China, that latest child of the Declaration of Independence, a son of this University who has reflected honor and credit upon it in his great country. I am happy to join with those who have already spoken in welcoming to the body of alumni of the University of Virginia the men of 1912, who this day pour their fresh, young blood and their dauntless hope and power into the life of Alma Mater. These strong, clean, brave, loyal boys must fight the battles of this modern world as you elder men fought your battles. I am glad to thank my brethren of the faculty for their devotion, for their patience, for their scholarship, for their love of this University as manifested in their daily lives during the year 1912. It is a pleasure to us, dear friends, to hear you speak with love and tenderness and reverence in your voices of your old teachers. God bless you for it, but I love to believe in my heart that in the years to come these young fellows, then grown into strong men, will look back and speak with pride and respect of those of us who stand here today trying to do our duty in the service of society in the upbuilding of our Alma Mater in our generation. My friends, we had a deeper and a profounder purpose in bringing you here than the pleasure of looking into your faces and shaking your hands, though that was reason enough. Back of this whole occasion was something finer and more spiritual. Our desire was to bring together in dramatic juxtaposition the heroic past and the potential future. We wanted these young boys, with the coals of fire from this altar just touching their lips, to look into the faces of men whom disaster could not daunt nor defeat depress, and to learn that the moral texture of this race of theirs had been toughened and strengthened by such men as you, and we wished that you might look into the faces of the youth of this age and be strengthened in your faith in the future of your country. We wanted the youth to learn reverence from your example; we wanted you to gather hope from their promise, and faith in the belief that the same God

that gave wisdom to the fathers to create, would give strength and purpose to the sons to strengthen and to perpetuate.

My friends, God has given us this great University to tend and care for. To serve it is a noble privilege. It sprang from the heart of the world's greatest democrat. It is nobly situated here in our Southern land at a strategic spot in the great republic. Nature has surrounded it with beauty and art has touched it with distinction. A sacred stream of splendid traditions flow about it. The majesty of the present and the dignity and wonder of the future inform its plans and hopes. Like some great vessel ballasted and freighted with the deeds and traditions of an heroic past, but with all its sails set to the service of men and its great prow turned to the future, the University is moving along the sea of a high destiny, and I call on you, her sons, to join me in crying out to her upon her noble voyage, *vivat, crescat, floreat, collegium!*

CLASS EXERCISES.

JUNE 11, 1912.

Song—Alma Mater—Class.

Class poem—Read by Mr. C. W. Daniel.

GOODBYE, VIRGINIA!

The twilight falls, the day is gone,
Our work is done, our toil is o'er,
And with the morn our paths shall lie
Along some distant shore.

Tears fill our hearts, that will not rise
In eyes where laughter long hath lain,
Tears for the happy golden days,
Tears that are all in vain.

The night is come, the moon rides on
O'er terraced lawn and dark arcade,
And lights the tall white columns where
They crown the esplanade.

We've lived and worked and played with men,
Beneath these shadowed arches high,
But Time has borne us past the door—
Old college days, goodbye!

Song—Old Virginia—Class.

Presentation of Class Present—W. N. Neff, President of Class of 1912.

MR. NEFF.—The only gifts which untried youth can offer are pledges. It is an essential part of every true gift that it involves some sacrifice. We can not come this afternoon presenting a list of noble deeds, of high and lofty actions, of unselfish and patient service through many years, nor yet bearing for offering fair fruits of endeavor in any fields. So it is with a feeling of great humbleness that we come, barehanded and with untorn hands, in the role of giftgiver, to her, our Alma Mater, of whose beneficence we have been such large partakers. This feeling is deepened by the fact that we, the class of 1912, stand in the presence of another company of gift givers, the class of '61, whose members, I solemnly believe, are present in full numbers, though not all are here in bodily presence, and whose gifts, measured in terms of blood and sacrifice, are real and abiding and the greatest men can give to the things they love.

Classmates, let us think that such a day as is this was the 17th of April, 1861, when that other class made their offering; as young as we are, as hopeful as are we, clad not in gowns of academic black but arrayed in martial gray and equipped with the weapons of war; not Bachelors of Science or of Arts, but "Southern Guards" and "Sons of Liberty." The brands which glittered so bravely in that April sun and later reflected a more crimson light now, wet with old men's tears, hang in the Hall of Broken Swords. But the legacy of the class of '61 remains and will remain.

Mr. President, such gifts as these men gave we can not offer. We can but imitate their spirit. So, in behalf of the class of 1912, I wish to tender what is our true gift, a pledge of loyal service to Virginia; that we will not with knowledge allow any shame to come to her fair name; that we will labor for her advancement and prosperity wherever the courses of time may bear us. And in accordance with the custom of recent years we wish to leave something, not in a comparable way a present, but an earnest of our loyalty, a present token of our sincere devotion. This is in the form of an initial contribution toward the

establishment of a loan fund, the object of which is to enable some who come after us to learn what "Virginia" may mean to a man. We give this selfishly for we expect to receive many times its value in satisfaction; we give it openly and freely as a token of our pledge of devotion to Alma Mater.

Acceptance on Behalf of the University—President Alderman.

Mr. President, Class of 1912: I accept for the University with very sincere gratitude this gift you have made. I congratulate you that your first deed as you enter upon the career of manhood is one of service to Alma Mater. I congratulate you upon the good sense of this gift, upon the fact that it is in a measure a symbol of a new spirit of fellowship and democracy and helpfulness to each other that is entering our life to stay forever, and I promise you that those of us who guard the treasures of the University will use it with wisdom and protect it with care.

Song, "1912"—Class.

Toast to the Class of '12—David A. Harrison, Jr.

Mr. President, Classmates, Ladies and Gentlemen: It befalls my duty today and is my pleasure to respond to the toast of the class of 1912. Had I been given the privilege of choosing my own subject nothing could I have found that would have been half so appropriate or that would have set the cords of my heart vibrating at such a sympathetic strain as that of a toast to the class of 1912. But I hesitate when I look into the fair smiling faces that greet my view today and think of what natural beauty and native wit they so plainly show, and when I see the battle scarred warriors, sons of this University and veterans of that terrible but yet illustrious war, whose wonderful deeds of valor and whose consecrated loyalty and service to their state and to their nation have won for them well deserved and unstinted praise, and when we have in our midst the members of our honored and beloved faculty who have from day to day given their time and effort to preparing us for that greater University into which we are about to enter, with all these deserving our respect, our admiration and our praise we could not have passed on without having first paid to them this, our tribute.

Today is given to the world the youngest son of a proud and

illustrious mother. A mother who for more than three quarters of a century has given annually to her state and to her country a band of young men prepared to fight manfully and honorably through the continuous war of life, men who have sat at the feet of distinguished and inspiring teachers and learned the principles of true manhood and whose constant devotion and loyalty to these principles have made them known and respected throughout the entire country, which of itself reacts to the honor and glory of our University. What more noble example of this loyalty to her teachings could be found than the men who, trained in these halls fifty years ago, went forth to fight where duty called them, and when defeated in the cause which they had so vigorously espoused, and into which they had thrown their very souls, and when all seemed lost, returned to their desolate homes to accomplish the well-nigh impossible, to turn devastated provinces into rich and powerful states. You know how well they performed their part in this difficult task. History can but show that through it all they clung with zealous loyalty to those principles of integrity and honesty, of high-minded and noble purposes and of that independent initiative and courage so instilled into them when they left this University.

Classmates, have we not a high standard set us and must we not uphold it? We, who have had those same principles instilled into us, are now going forth as Virginia's youngest son and we pledge ourselves to her that we will ever strive to maintain the record of achievement set so high by our older brothers. And when the perplexing problems of life arise, when we are tempted to violate our code of honor for the sake of temporary success or pecuniary gain, and thus defile our own good name and the honored name of our beloved University, may we, O, our Alma Mater, turn our eyes to thee and see thy hand raised bidding us to pause and think of what thou hast taught us, ere we take the step that would so blight our own lives and cast a reflection upon the name "Virginia." But let us ever hold sacred the memory of our Alma Mater and carry with us through life the basic principles of its teachings.

Here's to the class of 1912, may they ever be true to their trust-loyal sons of Virginia.

FINAL EXERCISES

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 12, 1912.

PRESIDENT ALDERMAN.—Let us begin the final exercises of the eighty-seventh year of the University of Virginia with prayer to God. The audience will stand and be led in prayer by Randolph H. McKim of '61.

PRAYER.

DR. MCKIM.—Almighty and immortal God, without whom nothing is strong, nothing is holy, nothing is wise, grant unto us in this hour, we beseech Thee, the abundance of Thy blessing, the inspiration of Thy Holy Spirit and the guidance of Thy Divine wisdom. Grant, Almighty God, that all that is said, and all that is done in this place may be for the good of Thy people and the glory of Thy name. We thank Thee, O God of our fathers, for all the memories of the past, for all the blessings that Thou hast given to this institution in the years that are gone by, and for the great influence it has exercised in our land, for truth, for honesty, and for righteousness. And we bless Thy name for the good examples of those who have gone forth from this place to serve God and humanity. We thank Thee also for the great and wise men who have been our teachers in generations past. Especially do we thank Thee this day, Almighty God, for the memory of the alumni of this Temple of Science and Liberty, who, at the call of duty, went forth fifty years ago not counting the cost, to do their duty to God and their country. We bless Thee for the example of their courage, their devotion, their sacrificial love. We bless Thee, our Father, that their example shines as the stars in the firmament forever and forever, as men who loved righteousness, honor and truth above all the material rewards of this world. O God, we call to mind their virtues, their courage, their steadfastness, their devotion, and we bless Thy holy name that they were able to be steadfast and faithful to the end, winning the crown of life even in the arms of death.

We thank Thee also, our Father, that so many of that band

that went out from this University fifty years ago have been permitted in Thy Divine providence to survive to this hour, and to be present with us and inspire us by their personal example in our midst. O God, we pray Thee that this great University may now, and in all the generations to come, be the fountain of high and glorious manhood, of unselfish patriotism, of devotion to duty at any cost. May the best ideals of honor and manhood and truth ever shine here, and ever direct the footsteps of the young men who come to this place to drink at the fountains of knowledge. And may this great institution continue more and more in the generations to come, in larger and larger measure, to inspire the manhood of our country, to lead them in high paths of endeavor, of devotion and of duty. O God of our fathers, who hast been our refuge in the generations past, who didst deliver us so many times in so many perils, we pray for our country in this crisis of its history. Oh that the principles of right and dignity and honor and truth may prevail, and that our land may be delivered from the dangers to which it is exposed, from the rocks on the right hand and on the left. May Thy Holy and Almighty arm steer this land of our love into the way of true progress, and through all dangers bring her into peace and righteousness and prosperity. O Father in heaven, hear us in our prayers; forgive all our unworthiness; blot out our sins, and give us every one at last an entrance into thine eternal and glorious kingdom, we ask through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

ADDRESS OF WELCOME.

PRESIDENT ALDERMAN.—I welcome to this annual festival our guests from state and country, our alumni who have come back to the place where they were nourished, the parents and friends of those who are graduates this day, and all friends of popular education. Through its entire history this University has given training of some sort to 17,950 men, and has given degrees to 4,560 men. One hundred and twenty-five men are this day to be added to this list and to receive the diploma of the University. This diploma is an ancient symbol that these men have done their duty in this University world and by the exercise of brains and energy and character have won this im-

pressive seal of the University's approval. The graduates are distributed by subjects as follows—medicine 12; law 31; the collegiate or academic department 40; graduate school 26; and engineering department 15. They are distributed by localities over 18 states, and one foreign country, thus proving again the national character of the University of Virginia.

ADDRESS TO GRADUATES.

PRESIDENT ALDERMAN.—Men of 1912, your Alma Mater believes in you. No group of greater promise has left us in recent years. We have a right, a clear right to expect the highest of you, such living and working as will add to the credit and renown of your Alma Mater. You have a right to be called scholars in the sense that a scholar is one who lives in the world of ideas, who gathers inspiration from both men and books, whose life is shaped by ideas and enriched by them, and who by his own power of construction adds something to their number, to their power, and their application. You have seen and you will still see how splendid a thing it is to deserve well of a free and a generous people. May I give to you briefly this morning just a bit of old-fashioned counsel. Do not fancy that opportunity for high conduct and for the exercise of greatness has passed out of this old world. There is no pre-determined fixed moment of heroic greatness in any nation's life; "the jewel of liberty will not remain supinely in the family of freedom." You too have a country to love, to cherish, and to fight for in the daily and unending battles of peace, justice and good government. You march out into life just as the last fleck of sectionalism is being blown away by the moral strength generated in your own life, and in the clear sunlight stand men of the south unconscious of section, surrounded by their brethren of the north and the west, themselves unconscious of section, guiding as did their fathers of old, the destinies of the Republic.

Your country is being made over before your eyes, in spiritual motive, in industrial method, in political philosophy, and you are to have your part in that rebuilding. Many terms are now being used familiar to all ears, such as stand-patter, radical, conservative, progressive, and hyphenated mixtures of these,

like conservative-progressive and progressive-conservative. In my judgment, a perfect and complete and absolutely flawless example of each one of these human specimens is a monstrosity. No man lives who is wholly a stand-patter. If so, God keep me from sight of him. No man lives who is wholly radical. If so, may I never have the discipline of his acquaintance. No man lives who is wholly and hopelessly wedded to the thing that is, and will not even think of the thing that may be. The truth is that all of us are all of these things at some time, and frequently all the time. You ought to be a stand-patter many times because the thing you are standing pat for is God's truth. And you need to be a radical sometimes for an ancient evil has crept up that needs to be cut out root and branch. But perhaps the noblest and justest attitude of mind of one who holds the high name of scholar is the attitude of the liberal-conservative, whose thought is to everlastingly strengthen, sweeten, improve the thing that is, building the new thing steadily and persistently upon the structure and the form of the old thing. So I venture to hope that you will enter life with that frame of mind, open minded and eternally hoping to make things better, but building upon the structure of what you find, with the patience that has made the great race to which most of you belong, so that when learning ripens and emerges into wisdom, when power and force somehow get regulated and shaped into character, when good judgment and good taste forever round into spirit and personality, men have a right to say of you that you are educated gentlemen. Be assured, young men of 1912, whom my colleagues and myself have taught and learned to love, of the everlasting sympathy, remembrance and affection of your Alma Mater.

CONFERRING OF MEDALS ON VETERAN ALUMNI.

PRESIDENT ALDERMAN.—

“The old Confederate Veteran, we know him as he stands
 And listens for the thunder of the far-off battle lands.
 He hears the crash of musketry, the smoke rolls like a sea,
 For he tramped the fields with Stonewall, and he climbed the
 heights with Lee.

“The old Confederate Veteran, his life is in the past,
 When the war cloud like a mantle round his rugged form is
 cast.
 He hears the bugle calling, o’er the far and mystic sea,
 For he tramped the fields with Stonewall, and he climbed the
 heights with Lee.”

We have today with us that old Confederate Veteran who is our own Veteran, bone of our bone, strength of our strength, blood of our blood. To me that veteran is the clearest hero in our present day American life. I do not say this in any language of emotional exaggeration. I recognize that the men who fought in the war of the Revolution were men of heroic strength. I recognize that the men who conquered this nation from the savage and the beast and have builded our civilization upon it were heroic men. I recognize that the men who inaugurated the democratic movement and have put into it the spirit of sympathy and human brotherhood were heroic men; but I base my claim confidently upon these five reasons.

First, these men whom we shall honor today, in the buoyant sweetness of youth offered their lives for an idea and a cause. Whenever men have risen to that height, whether upon the field of battle, upon the stake or the gibbet, or advocating before the cold face and menacing eye of a hostile public opinion some truth which their minds have adhered to, they have become heroes and have enriched the texture of civilization.

Second, they endured hardship and peril and danger with constancy and light-heartedness and courage.

Third, they bore disaster, and what the unthinking sometimes call defeat, with uncomplaining dignity and with patience.

Fourth, they faced the problems of a new time, the responsibilities of a new age with wisdom and adaptability, with resiliency and hope.

Fifth, they have kept their hearts free from violence, or hate, and today their loyalty to a reunited country which we must all serve and love is sincere and true as was their devotion to the meteor flag which their young courage advanced so high and so far. Consecration, courage, endurance, buoyancy, and hope, these are the five great spiritual and civic virtues which the men we shall honor today have illustrated in a superlative degree.

It is the purpose of their Alma Mater to undertake in feeble part to pay a debt of gratitude today to these men who exhibited in their youth courage and constancy and now in their old age are illustrating loyalty and achievement. It is proposed to present to each one of them a medal of honor and of recollection, and I now have the honor to request that each of them be presented for this medal by Lieutenant-Colonel John W. Mal-



let, one of their number, a brave soldier who served the land of his adoption* with the steadiness and courage in war that he has exhibited in the field of scholarship and peace. I request Colonel Mallet to present the Veterans of '61 for this medal of honor.

COLONEL MALLET.—Mr. President: The pleasant and honorable duty has been assigned to me of presenting to you these students of three schools with an honorable record in all of the three—the University of Virginia, the noble school of the Confederate army, and the school of life. It is truly a matter of thankfulness that so many have been spared after half a century to report themselves at the call of the University, though not all of those who have so responded are able to be with us today. I will call the roll and of those who are present each

*Although Col. Mallet has made his home in America since 1853, he is and always has been a British subject.—Editor.

one will as his name is called come to the front and receive at the hands of the President of the University the medal which the University desires to bestow. For those who are absent the medals will collectively be placed in charge of Professor M. W. Humphreys—Sergeant Humphreys, of Bryan's battery—who will see to it that they are sent to the recipients at their homes.*



*This was afterwards done, the medal being accompanied in each case by a copy of the following letter:

Dear Sir:

On behalf of the President and Faculty of the University of Virginia I take pleasure in forwarding to you by registered mail the medal awarded on the Public Day, June 12th, 1912, to the survivors of that gallant and patriotic band of young men, who during the fateful years 1861-1865 were both students in this University and soldiers in the armies of the Confederate States.

We beg that you will accept it as a token of the unchanging love of your Alma Mater; of her unalterable devotion to the high ideals of loyalty and courage which governed your young life; of the continued honour and continued reverence she will ever cherish for unselfish devotion and unstinted service to the country of our united love.

With the kindest and most cordial regard, and the earnest wish that the benediction of Heaven may ever rest upon you, I am

Yours most faithfully,

WM. M. THORNTON,
Chairman of Committee."

'Tention!—Front! (The Veteran Alumni stood up.) As the distribution of the medals will take some time—In place! Rest! (The Veteran Alumni sat down.)

Col. Mallet then called the roll, as follows (omitting the places of residence):

<i>Name and Position in C. S. A.</i>	<i>Address When a Student at U. Va.</i>	<i>Present Address</i>
1. Asst. Surg. Jas. L. Abrahams,	Livingston, Ala.,	Houston, Tex.
2. Priv. Michael J. Alexander,	Pulaski, Va.,	Pittsburg, Pa.
3. Maj. Jas. R. Anthony,	Washington, Ga.,	W. Palm Beach, Fla.
4. Priv. Henry A. Atkinson, Jr.,	Richmond, Va.,	Richmond, Va.
5. Capt. Philip P. Barbour,	Orange, Va.,	Gordonsville, Va.
6. Priv. T. Stanley Beckwith,	Petersburg, Va.,	Petersberg, Va.
7. Serg. Robt. C. Berkeley,	Hanover, Va.,	Morgantown, W. Va.
8. Lieut. Channing M. Bolton,	Richmond, Va.,	Charlottesville, Va.
9. Serg. Edwin Bowie,	Westmoreland, Va.,	Hague, Va.
10. Capt. Sam'l S. Brooke,	Stafford, Va.,	Roanoke, Va.
11. Serg. Benj. B. Burgess,	Alexandria, La.,	West Lake, La.
12. Serg. Wm. W. Burgess,	Ellicott's Mills, Md.,	Orange, Va.
13. Capt. W. M. Byrd,	Selma, Ala.,	Woodlawn, Ala.
14. Lieut. Col. Wm. H. Chapman,	Page, Va.,	Richmond, Va.
15. Serg. (Judge) G. L. Christian,	Richmond, Va.,	Richmond, Va.
16. Priv. Sam'l J. Coffman,	Rockingham, Va.,	Ivy Depot, Va.
17. Serg. Catlett Conway,	Madison, Va.,	Philadelphia, Pa.
18. Lieut. Robt. H. Cowper,	Darien, Ga.,	Malbone, Ga.
19. Priv. and Asst. Topogr. Eng. John W. C. Davis,	Hague, Va.,	Hague, Va.
20. Asst. Surg. (Dr.) Wm. C. Day,	Smithfield, Va.,	Danville, Va.
21. Lieut. Paul L. DeClouet,	St. Martinsville, La.,	Lafayette, La.
22. Capt. (Rev.) W. F. Dunnaway,	Lancaster, Va.,	Pinckardsville, Va.
23. Lieut. Luther R. Edwards,	Southampton, Va.,	Franklin, Va.
24. Corp. Robt. H. Fife,	Albemarle, Va.,	Charlottesville, Va.
25. Priv. Robert Frazer,	Orange, Va.,	Lahore, Va.
26. Capt. Jas. M. Garnett,	Hanover, Va.,	Baltimore, Md.
27. Adj. Theodore S. Garnett,	Hanover, Va.,	Norfolk, Va.
28. Capt. & A. D. C. (Prof.) Basil L. Gildersleeve,	University, Va.,	Johns Hopkins Univ., Baltimore, Md.
29. Capt. & Asst. Surg. (Dr.) John R. Gildersleeve,	Richmond, Va.,	Richmond, Va.
30. Lieut. Mason Gordon,	Charlottesville, Va.,	Charlottesville, Va.
31. Serg. Samuel S. Green,	Culpeper, Va.,	Charleston, W. Va.
32. Priv. Edward G. Gwathmey,	Hanover, Va.,	Taylorville, Va.
33. Priv. Jos. H. Gwathmey,	King William, Va.,	Beulahville, Va.
34. Capt. Abner Harris,	Powhatan, Va.,	Louisville, Ky.
35. Serg. Alfred T. Harris, Jr.,	Richmond, Va.,	Richmond, Va.
36. Lieut. (Dr.) Walker A. Hawes,	King William, Va.,	Charlottesville, Va.
37. Capt. A. Govan Hill,	King William, Va.,	Trevilians, Va.
38. Priv. (Rev. Dr.) Robt. C. Holland,	Salem, Va.,	Salem, Va.
39. Priv. (Rev.) Edward H. Ingle,	Washington, D. C.,	Washington, D. C.
40. Capt. Dave G. Jackson,	Nashville, Tenn.,	Lebanon, Tenn.
41. Priv. J. H. Jacocks,	Durant's Neck, N. C.,	Norfolk, Va.
42. Priv. (Rt. Rev.) Jas. S. Johnston,	Church Hill, Miss.,	San Antonio, Tex.
43. Brig. Gen. Robt. D. Johnson,	College Home, N. C.,	Birmingham, Ala.
44. Priv. Jas. F. Jones,	Monterey, Ala.,	Macon, Miss.
45. Maj. Richard W. Jones,	Greensville, Va.,	Laurel, Miss.

<i>Name and Position in C. S. A.</i>	<i>Address When a Student at U. Va.</i>	<i>Present Address</i>
46. Priv. Thos. R. Joynes,	Petersburg, Va.,	Baltimore, Md.
47. Hosp. Steward Daniel F. Kagey,	Newmarket, Va.,	Newmarket, Va.
48. Serg. Palemon J. King,	Union Point, Ga.,	Rome, Ga.
49. Priv. Rollin H. Kirk,	Grahamsville, S. C.,	Washington, D. C.
50. Priv. (Dr.) Benj. H. Knotts,	Orangeburg, S. C.,	North, S. C.
51. Adj. (Rev.) D. M. Layton,	Mt. Meridian, Va.,	North River, Va.
52. Capt. Robt. E. Lee,	Alexandria, Va.,	West Point, Va.
53. Capt. Alfred J. Lewis,	New Orleans, La.,	New Orleans, La.
54. Col. James S. Lucas,	Washington, N. C.,	Rougemont, N. C.
55. Serg. Jno. McL. McBryde,	Abbeville, S. C.,	Blacksburg, Va.
56. Adj. Wm. Gordon McCabe,	Hampton, Va.,	Richmond, Va.
57. Lieut. & A. D. C. Randolph H. McKim,	Baltimore, Md.,	Washington, D. C.
58. Lieut. Thomas B. Mackall,	Baltimore, Md.,	Baltimore, Md.
59. Capt. H. Clay Michie,	Charlottesville, Va.,	Charlottesville, Va.
60. Serg. Townsend Mikell,	Charleston, S. C.,	Edisto Island, S. C.
61. Maj. George K. Miller,	Talladega, Ala.,	Talladega, Ala.
62. Priv. Jas. McC. Miller,	Columbia, Va.,	Columbia, Va.
63. Priv. Thos. C. Miller,	Campbell, Va.,	Lynchburg, Va.
64. Lieut. Wm. W. Minor,	Albemarle, Va.,	Charlottesville, Va.
65. Lieut. Col. Jas. F. Mister,	Grenada, Miss.,	Kansas City, Mo.
66. Capt. (Dr.) W. P. Moncure,	Fredericksburg, Va.,	Fairfax, Va.
67. Capt. Adrian S. Morgan,	Penfield, Ga.,	Warrenton, Ga.
68. Priv. John T. Motley,	Caroline, Va.,	Burnet, Texas.
69. Priv. (Dr.) Wm. W. Murray,	Suffolk, Va.,	Suffolk, Va.
70. Priv. Charles Parkhill,	Richmond, Va.,	Baltimore, Md.
71. Capt. Jno. M. Payne,	Lynchburg, Va.,	Amherst, Va.
72. Corp. William M. Perkins,	Buckingham, Va.,	Pulaski, Va.
73. Capt. G. Julian Pratt,	University, Va.,	Waynesboro, Va.
74. Capt. Jno. M. Preston,	Snythe, Va.,	Seven Mile Ford, Va.
75. Serg. Oscar Reiersen,	Prairieville, Tex.,	Louisville, Ky.
76. Lieut. Frank S. Robertson,	Richmond, Va.,	Abingdon, Va.
77. Priv. Jas. A. Robins,	King William, Va.,	Lester Manor, Va.
78. Asst. Surg. (Dr.) Geo. Ross,	Culpeper, Va.,	Richmond, Va.
79. Surg. (Dr.) Chas. A. Rutledge,	Harford Co., Va.,	Rutledge, Md.
80. Asst. Surg. (Dr.) Peter F. Scott,	Franktown, Va.,	Franktown, Va.
81. Priv. Thos. M. Scott,	Eastville, Va.,	Eastville, Va.
82. Priv. (Rev. Dr.) Jas. W. Shearer,	Appomattox, Va.,	Somerville, N. J.
83. Lieut. Henry E. Shepherd,	Fayetteville, N. C.,	Baltimore, Md.
84. Priv. R. O. Simpson,	Bellville, Ala.,	Furman, Ala.
85. Priv. Daniel F. Huger Smith,	Charleston, S. C.,	Charleston, S. C.
86. Capt. Lloyd B. Stephenson,	Leesburg, Va.,	San Antonio, Tex.
87. Priv. Ezra E. Stickley,	Strasburg, Va.,	Woodstock, Va.
88. Priv. (Dr.) Frank Taliaferro,	Lynchburg, Va.,	Carlisle, Ohio.
89. Lieut. Wm. Meade Taliaferro,	Lynchburg, Va.,	Richmond, Va.
90. Priv. Stevens M. Taylor,	Albemarle, Va.,	Charlottesville, Va.
91. Serg. Wm. Eyre Taylor,	Norfolk, Va.,	Norfolk, Va.
92. Capt. Wm. Taliaferro Thompson,	St. Joseph, Mo.,	Highlands, N. C.
93. Lieut. R. A. Thornton,	Newport, Ky.,	Lexington, Ky.
94. Priv. C. W. Tompkins,	Spotsylvania, Va.,	Guinea's, Va.
95. Capt. Jas. M. Wall,	Rockingham, N. C.,	Wadesboro, N. C.
96. Surg. Chas. A. Ware,	Berryville, Va.,	St. Louis, Mo.
97. Adj. John D. Watson,	Charlottesville, Va.,	Charlottesville, Va.
98. Adj. Chas. C. Wertenbaker,	Charlottesville, Va.,	Charlottesville, Va.
99. Priv. Guildford D. Wilkinson,	Washington, Co., Tex.,	Raspeburg, Md.
100. Priv. Leroy E. Williams,	Berryville, Va.,	Anchorage, Ky.

<i>Name and Position in C. S. A.</i>	<i>Address When a Student at U. Va.</i>	<i>Present Address</i>
101. Capt. Jesse P. Williams,	Mt. Oliver, N. C.,	Atlanta, Ga.
102. Priv. Nathaniel H. Willis,	Charlestown, Va.,	Charlestown, W. Va.
103. Corp. William S. Wills,	Charlottesville, Va.,	Covington, Va.
104. Asst. Surg. Walter L. Withers,	Campbell, Va.,	Roseland, Va.
105. Serg. (Rev.) Virginius Wrenn,	Isle of Wight, Va.,	Amelia C. H., Va.
106. Lieut. D. Giraud Wright,	Baltimore, Md.,	Baltimore, Md.
107. Lieut. (Judge) Thos. R. B. Wright,	Rappahannock, Va.,	Rappahannock, Va.
108. Capt. Saml. J. Wright,	Paris, Texas,	Paris, Texas.
109. Priv. Alexander S. Marye,	Fredericksburg, Va.,	Washington, D. C.
110. Priv. Leigh Robinson,	Washington, D. C.,	Washington, D. C.
111. Asst. Surg. (Dr.) Charles W. Trueheart,	Galveston, Tex.,	Galveston, Tex.
112. Lieut. James L. White,	Abingdon, Va.,	Abingdon, Va.
113. Capt. (Dr.) William C. Holmes,	Durant, Miss.,	Trenton, Tex.
114. Lieut. C. N. Berkeley Minor,	Hanover, Va.,	Staunton, Va.
115. Lieut. (Dr.) James McH. Howard,	Baltimore, Md.,	Baltimore, Md.
116. Capt. (Rev.) Walter Q. Hullihen,	Wheeling, Va.,	Staunton, Va.
117. Capt. Thomas H. Norwood,	Georgetown, D. C.,	Gala, Va.
118. Adj. Henry A. Gaillard,	Winnsboro, S. C.,	Winnsboro, S. C.

PRESIDENT ALDERMAN.—Ladies and Gentlemen: It is the hope of the University that this great event in its life shall be commemorated on the western wall of our Chapel, thus linking together forever piety and patriotism, by a marble tablet touched with the genius of art that shall commemorate these sons of the University, both those who came not back and those who are our guests today. The angels in heaven might well envy the opportunity to enable us to do this service and thus teach generations of youth the beauty and value of patriotism and unselfish devotion to one's country. I now have the honor to present as the representative of the Veteran alumni, Judge George L. Christian, of Richmond, Va.

JUDGE CHRISTIAN.—Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen: When I reached the breakfast table this morning rather late—a very unusual occurrence for an old Confederate—I found that before I got there I had been conscripted by my comrades—a novel experience in my life—to perform on their behalf this very pleasant duty.

I say on behalf of these comrades, and I say it earnestly, that this occasion which the authorities of this University have permitted us to enjoy, is one that will never be forgotten by us, although we may be forgotten.

As I look at that picture, "The School of Athens," it reminds me of one of the shorter dialogues between Plato and

Socrates, the subject of which was friendship and what constituted a friend. After a discussion marked by subtlety, ingenuity and learning, these old philosophers reached the conclusion that they did not know what friendship was, or what really constituted a friend.

I have been more fortunate, my friends, in my short lifetime than these old heathen philosophers seem to have been, because I know what constitutes a friend, and what true friendship is. I know that friendship which is described by Blair as

"The mysterious cement of the soul,
The sweetner of life and the solder of society."

And I can say as Blair said,

"I owe thee much."

My friends, we are linked to this University not only by the ties of friendship, but by the ties of blood as well, and one of the proudest heritages that I hope to transmit to posterity is the fact that I tried to do my duty as a Confederate soldier, and that I have the right to call myself an alumnus of the University of Virginia.

I remember the old faculty which was here when I was here—Minor, Maupin, Cabell, Smith, Holmes, Davis, McGuffey, Howard and Schele de Vere; and I have often said that if I had learned nothing else during the time I spent here, it was worth the coming and staying here amid the hardships and privations of those times to have known, and reckoned as my friends, the noble men who then composed the faculty of this University.

I am also proud to state, from my knowledge of the faculty as now constituted, that they are, in every sense, worthy successors of those noble men whose names I have mentioned.

I wish to emphasize the fact that ever since this little band of old Confederate veterans landed at this institution, they have met with unstinted attention and been made the guests of honor of this interesting occasion, and that nothing that could have been done to make them comfortable and happy has been neglected by any who had this matter in charge, and who, I know, had the most earnest desire to do us honor, and to make us comfortable and happy.

I wish, too, especially to thank the ladies, the Daughters of

the Confederacy, who so cheerfully and efficiently co-operated in these offices of love and devotion to principle.

“Man may forget, belie, betray,
The principles he once held right;
But woman’s heart, once set, will stay,
Defying all the powers of might.”

I wish to say too, my friends, that whilst we often observe the fact that one of the signs of the degeneration of the times is a lack of veneration, and some times even of respect on the part of the young people of the present day for their elders, that nothing could have been more marked than the evidence of veneration, respect, kindness and courtesy which have marked the course of the student body and the young alumni of this institution towards us who are here by your invitation as a remnant of the surviving Veteran alumni.

Yes, my friends, veneration for the past, for the principles for which we fought, and for the old Confederate soldier, as a man and as a soldier, has been magnified at every step we have been able to take on your lovely grounds and in your halls of learning; and we appreciate this, my young friends, to an extent that you can hardly imagine.

In the “Heart of Midlothian,” “The Wizard of the North” in describing the interview between Jennie Deens and the Queen when pleading for her erring sister Effie, makes Jennie say something like this:

My lady, when we wake up in the morning strong, and go forth ready to fight life’s battles and to achieve our own successes, we feel happy, and we are happy; but when sorrow comes, as it will to all of us, when sickness comes, as it will to all of us, and when death comes, as it will to all of us; it is not the recollection, then, of what we can do, or what we have done for ourselves that will make us happy, but what we have done for others.

I believe that in the coming days when the authorities of this institution reflect on what they have done to make us old veterans happy on this occasion, they will recur to it as among the happiest days of their existence.

It was a gracious thing on the part of these authorities to present us with these medals in honor of what we did as alumni

in defense of the Confederate cause. We desire to express our sincere appreciation of this signal honor, and we believe the time is coming when these medals and our "Crosses of Honor" bestowed on us by our noble women, will be esteemed as highly as the "Eagles of Austerlitz" or the "Crosses of St. George."

"Ah, the world has its praise for the men who prevail,
For the victors who triumph by wrong and by might;
But the heart has its love for the vanquished who fail,
Yet battle for right;
And their names they will shine
When the conquerors pale like the stars in the night.

"For the laurels of triumph are lost like the wave,
Like the foam of the billows that break on the shore;
But the laurels of love, men cherish and save
While truth shall endure.
They will garland the homes,
Though the fallen and brave have passed through the door."

Yes, my old comrades,

"In seeds of laurel in the earth
The blossom of your fame is blown,
And somewhere waiting for its birth,
The shaft is in the stone."

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF THE UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA AT THE OUTBREAK OF THE WAR OF 1861-65.

BY CAPTAIN JAMES M. GARNETT, C. S. A.

Although I had graduated from the University at the close of the session of 1858-59, with the degree of Master of Arts, and taught at Brookland School, Greenwood, Albemarle County—the Rev. William Dinwiddie, M. A., Principal—during the session of 1859-60, I returned to the University in October, 1860, to study some extra subjects, i. e., those not then included in my M. A. course, namely, history and literature, German, Anglo-Saxon, political economy, mineralogy and geology, constitutional and international law, and postgraduate Greek—one of my favorite studies.

In consequence of the state of politics, great excitement prevailed in Virginia in the fall of 1860, and this was not allayed by the speeches then delivered in Charlottesville, among which I recollect especially one delivered by the Hon. William L. Yancey, of Alabama, which received great applause, for the students from the other Southern States formed about one-half of the attendance at the University, then over six hundred in all. When election-day came, we students held an election in the Rotunda, and the result indicated pretty surely the way the state would go, i. e., for Bell and Everett, candidates of the Constitutional Union party, whose platform was "the Union, the Constitution, and the Enforcement of the Laws." This showed that Virginia had not then any desire to secede. But after the election of President Lincoln things moved rapidly. South Carolina seceded Dec. 20, 1860, and was soon followed by Mississippi, Florida, Alabama, Georgia, Louisiana, and Texas, in the order named.

The Virginia legislature, which had met in regular session on the first Monday in December, called a convention to consider the question of secession, which met Feb. 13, 1861. After January 1, 1861, some of the students who thought it well to make preparations for what was inevitably coming, formed two military companies, the Southern Guard and the Sons of Liberty, of the first of which I was a member. A list of the members of the Southern Guard will be found in "Corks and Curls" for 1889-90, furnished to the editor by the former captain of the company, Edward S. Hutter, of Lynchburg, Va., now deceased. A list of the members of both companies appeared in the Richmond *Times-Dispatch* for June 4, 1911, supplied by Dr. John R. Gildersleeve, a former member of the Southern Guard. It was published first in the University of Virginia ALUMNI BULLETIN.

These companies drilled regularly during the winter and became quite proficient, the experience thus gained being very useful to them later. In my own case, after I joined the Rockbridge Artillery, I was always detailed during the summer of 1861 to drill the rawer recruits in squad drill.

The only incident worthy of note that occurred at the University during the winter was the raising of the Confederate flag on the Rotunda before the State seceded. Dr. R. Channing M.

Page has given an account of this incident in "Corks and Curls" for 1889-90, but his memory has failed him in some minor particulars. The names of those engaged in this escapade are correct with one exception. Channing Page has put the name of William N. Wellford, who was not there, for that of P. Louis Burwell, who was there. Still this is the only published account that we have as far as I know, and it deserves preservation. The correct alphabetical list is: George Bedinger, P. Louis Burwell, James M. Garnett, John Latané, Randolph H. McKim, R. Channing M. Page, and William Wirt Robinson, all now deceased except the Rev. Randolph H. McKim, D. D., and myself, George Bedinger and John Latané having been killed during the war, and the others having died since.

The Virginia Peace Convention, so-called, met in Washington on February 4, 1861, a full account of which will be found in a bulky volume issued in 1864 by Mr. L. E. Chittenden, of Vermont, one of the delegates. But the deliberations of this body amount to nothing, and as the Senate refused to adopt the compromise resolutions of Senator Crittenden, of Kentucky, or any others that were acceptable to the border states, the Convention came to nothing.

It was on this day also that the delegates to the Montgomery Convention met and organized the Southern Confederacy, and President Davis was inaugurated February 18, 1861. Meantime things in Virginia were getting hotter and hotter, and sentiment in favor of secession was daily increasing. President Davis attempted to negotiate with President Lincoln's administration, but all negotiations failed. It was at one time thought in Virginia that they would succeed, but a meeting in Washington of certain governors of northern states was opposed to all concessions to the South, and an expedition to reinforce Fort Sumter was organized, notwithstanding Mr. Seward's disingenuous telegram, "Faith as to Sumter fully kept; wait and see." We waited and we saw. The Northern administration was simply trying to "throw dust in the eyes" of the Southern administration, and to gain time. But President Davis and his Cabinet saw through the move, and after learning of this expedition to reinforce Fort Sumter General Beauregard was ordered to reduce the fort on April 12, which was accomplished the next day.

Much has been made at the North of "the firing on Fort Sumter," and it has been looked on there as the immediate cause of the war. But was General Beauregard to wait until the fort was knocked about his ears before he fired? The war really began when the expedition to reinforce the fort left New York, and what followed was simply the natural result of that cause. I transfer to these pages an extract from a diary I kept for a short time during the War.¹

"The beginning of the war, as far as Virginia is concerned, may date from Monday, April 15, 1861, for on that day appeared Lincoln's proclamation for 75,000 men to 'crush the rebellion' [so-called], which hurried up our old foggy Convention and compelled it to secede on Wednesday, April 17." It deserves to be interpolated here that the Union party in Virginia was led by Alexander H. H. Stuart and John B. Baldwin, of Staunton, Jubal A. Early, of Franklin County, and others equally as prominent, and when a Northern friend wrote to Mr. Baldwin to know what the Union men of Virginia would now do, he replied: "There are no Union men in Virginia now," which was emphatically true except in that part of the state now called West Virginia.

"This proclamation [of President Lincoln] created quite a sensation at the University, raising the military enthusiasm to the highest pitch, and especially filling our two companies, the 'Southern Guard,' Captain E. S. Hutter, and the 'Sons of Liberty,' Captain J. Tosh, with an earnest desire to lend a hand in the defence of our state. The taking of Harper's Ferry, where there was a United States armory, was the first object that presented itself to our minds, and when on Wednesday [April 17] Captain [R. T. W.] Duke returned from Richmond with authority to take three hundred men to Harper's Ferry, our two companies—with the 'Albemarle Rifles,' Captain Duke, and the 'Monticello Guard,' Captain Mallory, from Charlottesville—offered our services. We immediately got ready, and that night, when the train from Staunton [which had been delayed by a landslide] came along with the 'West Augusta Guard,' the 'Mountain Guard,' and Imboden's Battery, from Augusta County,

1. This was published in the *Southern Historical Society Papers*, Vol. XXVIII, 1900.

we joined them and went on to Harper's Ferry, taking up different volunteer companies all along the railroad, until, when we reached Strasburg about 12 o'clock Thursday, where we had to 'take it afoot' [there being no railroad between Strasburg and Winchester in those days], our force was quite formidable, numbering some eight or ten companies, of seventy to eighty men each, and a battery of four pieces. We marched from Strasburg to Winchester, eighteen miles, between 1 o'clock and 8, pretty good marching considering it was our first effort; wagons were along to carry the little baggage we had, and to relieve us, but most of the men marched the whole way. We stopped in Winchester only long enough to take supper, supping at different private houses, the citizens welcoming us with lavish hospitality, though some, not knowing that the movement was authorized by Governor Letcher (as it had not then been publicly made known that Virginia had seceded), thought it was a move of the self-constituted secession convention, which had met in Richmond on Tuesday, April 16, and the fact of which meeting, I think, helped to hurry up our laggard Convention to do what it ought to have done two months before. I, and many others, supped that night with my friend, David R. Barton, who had volunteered from the University for this special service, not being a regular member of our company, the 'Southern Guard.'²

"About 9 o'clock p. m. we started on the train for Harper's Ferry, only thirty-two miles distant, but such was the slowness of the train and the uncertainty of the commanding officers as to what force we should find at the Ferry, that we did not reach there until 4 o'clock the next morning, about seven hours after Lieutenant [Roger] Jones, of the United States Army, with his handful of men, had burnt the armory buildings and retreated toward Carlisle, Pa. We learned that some of the Clarke and Jefferson companies had gotten in the neighborhood the evening before in time to have taken the place and saved the buildings, arms, etc., but they also were ignorant of the force at the Ferry and delayed to attack.

"It is quite amusing now to think of the way in which military affairs were conducted at Harper's Ferry when we first went

2. He was killed as lieutenant of Cutshaw's Battery in the first battle of Fredericksburg, December 13, 1862.

there. Gen. Wm. H. Harman, Brigadier-General Virginia Militia, was in command until Gen. Kenton Harper, Major-General Virginia Militia, arrived there; these two officers were afterwards lieutenant-colonel and colonel respectively of the Fifth Virginia Regiment.

“On Friday [April 19] the day we reached the Ferry, the Baltimore outbreak took place, and when we received the news we were greatly elated, but unfortunately it was merely a puff of wind, which soon died out. Then was the time, if ever, for the Marylanders to have armed and organized, and Maryland would not now be trodden down with no prospect of ever obtaining her independence.³

“We continually had alarms at the Ferry. Saturday morning [April 20] our company was turned out to attack the train which was said to be coming down loaded with Federal troops, and about 11 o'clock that night we were aroused to go up on the Loudoun Heights and support Imboden's Battery, which the enemy couldn't have gotten at in any conceivable way except by approaching through Loudoun on Virginia soil, and the other University company, the 'Sons of Liberty,' was sent across the bridge, and down the railroad, just opposite this battery and ourselves, and just where we were directed to fire if the enemy came, and if our smoothbore muskets could carry that far, which was more than doubtful.

“The next morning, Sunday, we scrambled down the mountain and returned to our barracks, very much wearied, after first reporting ourselves at the 'General's Headquarters.' where an amusing little scene took place between the acting inspector-general, who found fault with the way in which one of the men ordered arms, and one of our lieutenants [John M. Payne], who informed him that the company had had a drill-master.

“The next day, Monday, we learned that the Governor had ordered the 'Charlottesville Battalion,' as our four companies under Captain George Carr, formerly of the United States Army, were called, to return home, and that evening we left for Winchester, where we remained all night, and went to Strasburg the next morning in wagons provided for our accom-

3. This was written in 1863.

modation.⁴ I think we were rather glad that we were leaving the Ferry, though our military ardor was not quite cooled down by our short but arduous campaign. We saw a little service, at all events, having been ordered out twice, in the morning and at night, and the night march was pretty severe for us, and having stood guard several times; my post was at the old burnt armory buildings. We also saw some fun in searching the houses of Harper's Ferry for secreted arms, a great many of which we found.

"On the whole we were very much pleased with our expedition, and considered war fine fun in those days; how we have changed our opinions since!"

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"Soon after reaching the University our company requested the Governor, through our captain, Ned Hutter, to accept our services, but he and General Lee, then commanding the Virginia forces, refused, saying that it was 'too much good material to put into one company.' We were required to give up our minie muskets, which we had gotten at Harper's Ferry; so after continuing our drills a few times more, our company disbanded, and the different members scattered themselves throughout the state and the South, entering the service in different capacities. Some received appointments in the Virginia Provisional Army, which appointments were vacated by general order about September 1 following. I applied for one of these, but before receiving it the Virginia forces were turned over to the Confederacy and no more appointments were made. I consider it fortunate now that I didn't get it.

"I determined to remain at the University till the end of the session, but in May, just before the election of Thursday, May 24 [having attained my majority a month before], I went home to Hanover County, desiring to vote in my own county for the Ordinance of Secession, which was at that time ratified almost unanimously by the people of the state; [my first vote was cast 'For Secession,' and I have never regretted it]. The Yankees

4. Some accounts state that we remained at Harper's Ferry a week, others two or three weeks. As a matter of fact we were there just *four* days, Friday, Saturday, Sunday, and Monday, April 19-22.

about that time raised their 'hue and cry' about Union feeling in the South, and especially in Virginia, but the unanimity with which the Ordinance of Secession was ratified well shows—what we knew all along—that there was *no* Union feeling in the state, except in some of the western counties. The Yankees have found out by this time [i. e., September, 1863], that the farce of Union feeling in the South is played out, and have left off making a fuss about it. After voting for secession (and for the taxation amendment, too, though it was against the interest of Eastern Virginia), I returned to the University, but very little studying of text-books did I do during the remainder of the session. My attention was chiefly occupied in studying Mahan's 'Field Fortification,' and other works on engineering, especially the articles of the encyclopedias in the University library [which, however, were antiquated], as I had some idea at that time of applying for an appointment in the Confederate Engineer Corps, but I gave that up before the close of the session, and on Tuesday, July 2 (the session ended then on the fourth of July), I left the University with the intention of joining Captain (now Brigadier-General) W. N. Pendleton's Battery, the 'Rockbridge Artillery,' which some of my friends and college mates had already joined. After remaining at home long enough to get ready, and declining to apply for an appointment in the Marine Corps, which I believe I could have gotten at that time, I left Hanover Junction with my friend Channing Page, now captain of a battery, July 13, for Winchester, both of us intending to join Pendleton's Battery, which we found encamped near that place. I remained at Mrs. Barton's a few days, and on Wednesday, July 17, enlisted in Pendleton's Battery, in which I then had several friends, amongst others, Dave Barton, Holmes Boyd, Bob McKim, Liv. Massie, Clem Fishburne, and Channing Page (with all of whom I had been at college the previous session) and Joe Packard, an old schoolmate at the Episcopal High School of Virginia."

But this closes my career as student at the University of Virginia, and it is worthy of remark that all of those just mentioned who attended the University have now "joined the great majority," three having been killed in battle and three having died since.

The University contributed her share to those who enlisted in the Confederate service and to those who gave up their lives for the Confederate cause. They may well claim the epitaph of Simonides in the Greek anthology, over those who fell in the Persian wars, which has been rendered:

“Go tell the Spartans, thou who passest by,
That here obedient to their laws we lie.”

The bronze tablets erected on the Rotunda portico give the names of those students who fell in their country's cause, among whom are many of my college mates, and we linger but a few years longer, waiting to join them. Whatever our individual views may be as to the great conflict, we may all well honor those who showed their faith by their works, and did their duty as they saw it, even to laying down their lives in their country's cause.

From the lists published by Dr. Gildersleeve I find that there were one hundred members of the “Southern Guard” all together, of whom twenty-eight were killed or died of disease during the war, and there were seventy-five members of the “Sons of Liberty,” of whom fifteen were killed or died during the war. Here, then, were one hundred and seventy-five students of 1860-61, who enlisted in the military service, of whom forty-three were killed or died of disease during the war. But these lists cover by no means all of the students of that session who enlisted in the Confederate service, for these companies included but one hundred and seventy-five out of over six hundred students, and many other students of that session were in the Confederate service, but I have no means of ascertaining how many. Also, there may have been some members of these companies who did not enlist in that service, but there could not have been many, for the number amounted to a levy *en masse*, and no conscription was needed to bring these men into service. They knew their duty, and they did not hesitate to do it.

CONGRATULATORY ADDRESS AT DAVIDSON COLLEGE.

BY PRESIDENT ALDERMAN.

As a Presbyterian in faith, a North Carolinian by birth and breeding, and as one to whom the life of the scholar has always appeared a fair and admirable estate, Davidson College has had for me always a peculiar and enduring human interest, and my first impulse today is to express that interest with heartiness and affection. As the personal representative of the University of Virginia, I have besides peculiar satisfaction in bringing greetings of pride and good will to Davidson College upon the attainment of its seventy-fifth birthday. The two institutions were born in practically the same period of our national life. The one owed its origin to deep religious impulse and grave practical concern for the moral life of man glowing in the heart of a sober and spiritual-minded breed of men. The other sprang into being in the romantic dawn of a democratic era in response to the civic enthusiasm and faith in men of a great individual philosopher and lover of his kind. Apparently and superficially antipodal in their conception they have been singularly and even sentimentally united in their ideals, their methods, their great personalities, and their results. A brilliant array of great names common to the service of both bind both together with tender and unbreakable human ties. At this particular moment when Davidson College is surrendering to the service of a great sister institution in Virginia her latest and one of her ablest presidents, it is a great gratification to recall his close affiliation to the University of Virginia, and I pledge to him in his new field the hearty friendship and cooperation of his alma mater.

A clear conception of sound learning, an austere standard of attainments, an inherent scorn of the unessential and ephemeral, an unflinching emphasis of all discipline upon character and conduct, a common faith in the perfectability of men, have bound and will continue to bind together in no less enduring bonds the darling project of Thomas Jefferson and this steadfast, clear-visioned child of the Presbyterian church.

The supreme reality of life in this world is religion forever recalling men to a consideration of truth, integrity, faith, reverence,

worship. The supreme need of democracy is manhood thus nurtured and admonished. The supreme peril of democracy is the growth of its body at the expense of its soul. Religion and democracy, therefore, are of one substance, and education, the great hand maiden of each, has one end. In all of our institutional history, I venture to say that this great truth is nowhere more impressively illustrated than in the historic friendship and in the common idealism of Davidson College and the University of Virginia. What is so intimately true of these two institutions I think I may claim is in the largest sense true of all state universities and all genuine colleges. As the titular representative upon this program of the state universities I speak therefore as no ambassador from foreign countries but as one of a common household working toward a common result. On behalf, however, of the state universities, considered technically as separate educational forms, I wish in their name to congratulate Davidson College upon the attainment of a beautiful and vigorous maturity, marked by fidelity to old ideals and invigorated by sensible and sympathetic conformity to the needs of a new and advancing life. A changing society means a changing curriculum, a developing civilization presupposes an expanding and changing seminary of learning, for life like youth must be served. Davidson College, it seems to me, has been singularly happy in the wisdom with which it has kept its eye upon the eternal educational values the ages have wrought but has not failed to have visions always of the present, which is its responsibility as well as the truest antiquity. Like all strong purposeful creatures, Davidson College has builded for itself a distinct spirit, a character, a personality. When a man says I was trained at Davidson College, the world expects that man to have a certain instinctive moral quality, to suggest everywhere and at all times an unfailing reliability of performance, dignity of demeanor, and a certain exaltation of good taste blended with quiet self-confidence. In other words, Davidson College has generated by its own moral power an air that blows through its halls charged through and through with what I may describe as genuineness. Towards such spots surrounded by such an atmosphere a self-controlled and self-governed democracy must forever turn for new health and vitality. Just what particular message the state universities of

America, born of public sagacity and democratic needs and grown in these late decades into shapes of such giant power, would have me deliver to this less complex but noble and vigorous college grounded on the rock of religion and culture I can not quite determine, but one large thought crowds out all others in my own mind. This great nation of ours is grappling with great problems whose solution will be for the benefit of all mankind. It is not sunk, as superficial thinking might suggest, in any mire of corruption or wrong doing. It is a clean, wholesome nation striving to outface one of the million moral crises that self-governing peoples must encounter. Indeed, to my thinking, it is cleaner in purpose and method than it has been in fifty years, but it is attempting to do a very daring and divine thing, namely, to re-define democracy in terms of human sympathy, of Christian fellowship and social brotherhood. It is seeking to find the golden mean between the individualism which guarantees liberty and the co-operative genius which insures progress. If ever a nation needed the spirit of the scholar in its counsels that nation is our own and that time now—the patient spirit, the catholic spirit, the testing spirit, the spirit which seeks the truth, not the half truth but the whole, round, blessed truth and when it is found has a prayer in its heart for its discovery and iron in its blood for its defence. The supreme duty of the college, considered as the institution that lifts man from transient and physical interest to large, permanent and spiritual interest, that transforms him from a solitary individual to a member of the brotherhood of the human race, is to help this nation find itself to the end that ancient guarantees or ordered freedom and self-control shall not be lost out of our society but at the same time there shall somehow enter a tenderer social conscience and a juster attitude of man to man in the daily human struggle. The most hopeful aspects of the relation between the college and society is the emergence of a vast critical spirit centering upon colleges and college affairs and coming out of the hearts of the people's life. This criticism means that the people have discovered that they need the college and they want a hand in shaping the character of the thing they need. Twenty years ago, Mr. E. L. Godkin, whom older men will recall as a severe critic of life and society in general, spoke with bitterness of the Rabelasian merriment

with which the masses of the people would regard the efforts of college men to run a candidate for the presidency. There is food for reflection in the thought that our present great struggle is taking on some of the aspects of an intercollegiate contest in personnel and noise, if failing somewhat in good manners and true sportsmanship. My fundamental thought, however, today is this. The greatest step in the direction of unbroken service to the nation by education is the recognition by all of our institutions of their essential unity and duty to work together in the service of men, not to popularize themselves cheaply but to inform the minds, develop the tastes, and heighten the ideals of a society deeply determined to govern itself and to control its economic and political processes. This process of co-operation is as fundamental as the process of creation—indeed is creation—for the whole is not established until it is brought together and cemented with the knowledge of its own unity. The supreme educational duty of this generation in the direction of educational progress is to rise above institutional exclusiveness and the atomistic conception of education and to behold primary schools, secondary schools, normal schools, colleges, technical schools, professional schools and university working together as one great beneficent public agency feeding, stimulating, guiding, understanding, and supplementing each other. Out of such common and united efforts alone can a modern state hope that intelligent citizenship and patriotic leadership will come forth able to guide and enrich the civilization of a democratic community no longer hindered by unsurmountable obstacles but free to run its course and to fulfill its destiny.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

 BY WILLIAM M. HUNLEY.

The last term of the University's biggest year was marked by many events of importance, culminating in the commencement exercises, which for dignity, impressiveness and interest deserve a chapter in University annals by themselves.

The following letter explains itself:

Dear President Alderman: The State Board of Education at its meeting on May 30th classified the higher institutions of learning as follows:

1. Universities.
2. Colleges.
3. Institutions between colleges and a junior college.
4. Institutions between a junior college and a four year standard high school.

It gives me pleasure to notify you that the University of Virginia was classified under Number 1.

Your baccalaureate graduates will receive University certificates to teach in the public schools of Virginia.

The State Board was much pleased with the way the University of Virginia showed up under its inspection. Our representative, Mr. Settle, reports that he finds you rigidly enforcing the college entrance requirements and your certificates of admission are in excellent shape.

Yours very truly,
 J. D. EGGLESTON,
Superintendent of Public Instruction.

Professors Ormond Stone and Milton W. Humphreys have retired to go on the Carnegie Foundation. Professor Stone has been at the head of the school of astronomy and director of the Leander McCormick Observatory since 1882. Professor Humphreys has been in charge of the school of Greek since 1887.

Dr. Robert Henning Webb has been appointed professor of Greek to fill the chair vacated by the resignation of Professor

Humphreys. Dr. Webb was born in Suffolk, February 21, 1882, the son of the late Mr. Joseph Prentis Webb, an alumnus of this University, of the class of 1864. His collegiate education was received at Hampden-Sidney College, where he received the degrees of B. A. and M. A. Coming to the University of Virginia, he matriculated in the Academic Department for graduate work and in 1905 was awarded his Master of Arts degree.

During the session of 1904-05 he was in temporary charge of the School of Latin, in the absence of Professor FitzHugh. In the fall of 1906, Dr. Webb entered the Graduate School of Harvard University, and in 1909 received the doctor's degree in Greek.

Since then he has been a member of the faculty of the Department of Classical Philology at Harvard. Doctor Webb has won high praise from his colleagues in that department. He has distinguished himself by many scholarly publications, two of which particularly have attracted the attention of the scholars of America. These two are "On the Origin of Roman Satire" and "An Attempt to Restore the Gamma Archetype of the Terence Manuscripts."

The following promotions have been made: Adjunct Professor Graham Edgar to be associate professor of chemistry; Instructor James S. McLemore to be adjunct professor of Latin; Instructor Wm. M. Hunley to be adjunct professor of political economy; Assistant Chas. N. Wunder to be adjunct professor of astronomy.

At the last general faculty meeting of the session, President Alderman presented a beautiful silver pitcher to Mr. I. K. Moran, the retiring bursar, on behalf of the faculty. In doing so, the President said the gift was an expression of appreciation of Mr. Moran's courtesy, fidelity and zeal and wished him much happiness in the years of his retirement. Mr. Moran responded briefly and was loudly cheered as he resumed his seat. The pitcher is the gift of the President and faculty and is artistically and appropriately engraved. After a service of fifteen years, Mr. Moran retires to go on the Carnegie Foundation. He is succeeded by Mr. E. I. Carruthers, of Charlottesville, Va.

The University cherishes with a constantly increasing pride all memorials of her student soldiers. While Alma Mater is erecting them others of a very precious kind are disappearing. It is a patriotic duty and a labor of love to see that no memorial that care can save shall be lost. The President feels that the University should be the depository for the relics of her soldier sons, and earnestly petitions all who have anything connected with the memory of the great American war, anything that brings back a light or shadow of it, or helps to fix the truth of history, or anything that reminds us of its heroism and sacrifice, will deposit it here where their descendants and all comers may see it. Letters, diaries, anything written and published, or unpublished; the bayonet of one who charged with Stonewall, the sword of another who rode with Stuart, an old gray cap—anything Confederate—give them, if possible, or lend them, if they may not be given, to the University of Virginia. Cabinets will be prepared to receive them, and they shall be cared for as we care for our most sacred possessions.

At the last University Hour of the session the principal speaker was Mr. Colston Blackford, of Lynchburg. His subject was: "The Relation of Students to the University." **University Hour.**

W. N. Neff discussed the plans for finals and urged the students to help make them what they used to be in attendance and enthusiasm.

Then President Alderman gave an informal talk to the students. He spoke first of the death of three great friends of the University, Joseph Wilmer, Raleigh Martin, and Daniel Harmon. He spoke of the success of the life, much of which is given to the service of the public, and showed where this bit of idealism was illustrated in the lives of these three men. President Alderman next said a few words on the honor system, and suggested that several students and alumni prepare in collaboration a pamphlet explaining its meaning and administration. He said that a real service could in this way be done the University, in that this institution is an authority on this subject and inquiries regarding its principles are often made by other institutions.

Professor A. H. Tuttle represented the University of Virginia at the seventy-fifth anniversary of the opening of the University of Michigan. A portrait of Professor Tuttle has been painted for the Ohio State University with which he was connected before he came to the University of Virginia.

Dr. Albert Lefevre, professor of philosophy, gave a short course of lectures at the Episcopal High School, and delivered addresses at the Lynchburg High School and at Hollins Institute. He was also the official representative of the University of Virginia at the exercises attending the installation of Dr. Hibben as president of Princeton University.

Dr. J. S. Grasty, of the department of geology, delivered the commencement address in June at Washington College, Chestertown, Md. His subject was, "The Relation of Science to Industry." On this occasion Dr. Grasty received the honorary degree of doctor of science.

At a faculty meeting in May tribute was paid to the life and services of Daniel Harmon, a member of the Board of Visitors, who died April 27. Resolutions, prepared **Daniel Harmon.** by President Alderman, and Deans Page, Lile, Dabney, Thornton, and Whitehead, were adopted as follows:

"In the death of Daniel Harmon, of Charlottesville, Va., the University of Virginia has lost from her Board of Visitors one of her most valued and honored members. Mr. Harmon was appointed to membership on the board in 1896, and served continuously in that office for sixteen years, until his death on April 27, 1912. His alert and vigorous intellect, his intimate knowledge of the history and management of this University, his loyal devotion to her interests, his wide and foreseeing sympathy with the advancement of education and learning, gave force to his counsels and added weight to his influence. Not only in the deliberations of the board, but before the committees of the state legislature and with the public of Virginia, he stood for progressive development, for wise conservatism, for courageous expansion, for sound management of university finances, and for ever active and ever

broadening policies of public service and educational growth. Eloquent in speech, sage in counsel, ample in knowledge, ardent in devotion, untiring in service, he was a son upon whom his alma mater looked and leaned with pride and affection, with confidence and respect.

“The president and the faculty of the University, deeply sensible of their great loss, desire to make permanent record of their admiration for his power, their esteem for his character and their respect for his memory. Resolved, therefore,

“1. That in the death of Daniel Harmon the University of Virginia has lost an alumnus whose brilliant career reflected honor on his alma mater, a visitor whose sagacity and devotion were priceless, and a friend whose eloquent advocacy of her highest interests never failed in force or fervor.

“2. That the sincere sympathy of the president and of each member of the faculty is hereby respectfully extended to the bereaved wife and the orphaned children of that saddened home, whose serene happiness he had made the central joy and the sacred comfort of his life.”

One of the leading events of the term was the unveiling of a beautiful marble tablet in the chapel in memory of Archer Christian, who lost his life in the Virginia-Georgetown football game played November 13, 1909, at Georgetown. The exercises attending the unveiling were simple and impressive. Deeply touching speeches were made by several who knew the young man well, and the chapel was crowded with his friends and classmates and students of the present day.

The exquisite beauty of the tablet and the tender sentiment pervading the memorial meeting were eloquently expressed by President Alderman in his brief speech accepting the memorial on behalf of the University, when he said:

“In the name of the University of Virginia I accept with solemn pride this memorial tablet which his comrades and those who loved Archer Christian have caused to be set up in this quiet chapel. This tablet, I am glad to see, has distinction and beauty as a thing of art. The spectacle of the brooding, fostering figure of learning, guarding and guiding the way of dauntless and

steadfast youth appeals to our imaginations and drives straight to our hearts. With tenderer and nobler symbolism, however, the tablet possesses the power to keep forever green and vivid in this dim religious spot the memory of a brave, pure-souled Virginia boy who died doing his duty eagerly in an honorable contest in the service of his alma mater. Here Archer Christian shall dwell always in immortal youth, cherished by unnumbered generations of his kind who will read this inscription, absorb this symbolism and come to understand more clearly the beauty of clean living, loyal acting and whole-hearted self-forgetfulness. In this way may it please the dear God who rules and guides us all to transmute pain into gain and grievous loss into abounding and glorious victory."

The memorial is the work of Mr. John Gregory, of New York, and is of Gothic design, containing two figures—the hooded figure of Memory with a book, and St. George, with cross on shield, presenting Youth. On a panel between the figures is a brief statement of how young Christian met his death, and then a few words relative to the object of those who erected the tablet. There follows this inscription:

"When youth dies for loyalty's sake,
The hallowed memory of love abides."

Mr. Charles Watkins, of Richmond, an intimate friend and fellow student of young Christian, presided. The other speakers were Dr. John H. Neff, who was head coach of the team of 1909, and Mr. John Speed Elliott, of Booneville, Mo., who played on the team with Christian.

Early in May, President Alderman was notified by the trustees of the Rhodes Scholarship Fund that the qualifying examination for the Cecil Rhodes Scholarship will be held at the University of Virginia, October 15 and 16, 1912. All candidates in Virginia will meet here at that time.

The scholarships are provided for by a bequest of \$10,000,000, left by Cecil Rhodes, the South African statesman, at his death in 1902. There are in all 189 of the scholarships offered, two from each American state and territory, fifteen from Germany

and the remainder from the British colonial provinces. Each scholarship entitles its holder to a three-year course at the University of Oxford, England, with an annual allowance of \$1,500. To be eligible to qualify from an American state, the applicant must be a citizen of the United States, unmarried, and, except in extraordinary cases, under the age of twenty-four. He must have completed at least two years work in some college of liberal arts and sciences.

Rev. Beverly D. Tucker was the first Rhodes scholar to qualify from Virginia. The Virginia scholarships yet unexpired are held by Messrs. W. A. Stuart and Frank F. Bierne, both formerly of this University.

Mr. Tucker returned to Oxford in June to receive the Master's degree.

The University is represented on the University Commission on Southern Race Questions, which was organized in May at Nashville. The membership consists of a **Race Commission.** representative from each of eleven southern state universities. Dr. James H. Dillard, of New Orleans, president of the Jeans Fund and director of the Slater Fund, who founded the commission, is the directing member of the new body. At the organization meeting the secretaryship went to the University of Virginia. The next meeting will be held December 19, at Athens, Ga. The chief object of the commission is to bring to bear upon the study of southern race questions, the best fruits of southern scholarship.

In this connection it is stimulating to read the summary of the results of the student group at this University, which has been studying the negro in his various relations to southern life, issued by the Young Men's Christian Association as follows:

"First, a realization of the pervasiveness of the problem; that in reality it is not an isolated situation out of touch with the affairs of the South at large, but an intimate, ever-present problem touching the life of the South at every turn and involving the hygienic, economic and moral well-being of every citizen of the South. This is probably the greatest achievement.

"Second, not only has the problem been recognized, but much reading has been done and much thought devoted to the subject.

An examination of the library files shows that over one hundred volumes have been taken from the library by students of this problem.

"Third, through lectures, books and current magazines the men of the group have come in contact with the leading thinkers and workers in this field of sociological endeavor.

"Fourth, a library of over four hundred titles has been accumulated and fully catalogued for use, and additions are continually being added. This has been done by the librarian of the University, of course.

"Fifth, actual investigation has been attempted and a foundation made for future work of greater scope and value.

"Sixth, Virginia has assumed a leadership in this, the largest problem of Southern life, that has attracted wide attention and excited emulation.

"Since so much has been accomplished the first year, it is reasonable to expect much greater things next session, for most of the men of the group are returning and building on the foundation already laid; and profiting by the mistakes made, the work should progress with enthusiasm and effect. Many of the best men of the University have signified their intention to engage in the investigations next year."

The men who are to be at the head of the Y. M. C. A. work next session are:

OFFICERS.

President, Jos. F. Moore; vice-president, C. O. Amonette; recording secretary, Wm. S. A. Pott; assistant secretaries, L. R. Slaven and Clarence Nesbitt, who is at present Assistant General Secretary of the Dallas Texas Young Men's Christian Association; general secretary, W. W. Brockman.

COMMITTEES.

SOCIAL SERVICE AND STUDY.—H. M. McManaway, D. H. Ramsey, T. E. Didlake, P. C. Groner, N. T. McManaway, R. W. Houseal, and Professors Hunley and Heck, advisory.

MEMBERSHIP.—R. W. Curry, Andrew Christian, John Johnson, B. H. Handy, E. N. Mayer, J. B. Redus.

NEIGHBORHOOD WORK.—John Harris, C. T. Steger, E. N. Tucker, F. B. Tucker, W. S. A. Pott, D. R. Semmes, W. R. Pote.

MEETINGS.—Carrington Williams, W. T. Myers, L. R. Slaven, W. S. Guyton, and Dr. Charles Alphonso Smith, advisory member.

FOREIGN WORK.—Wm. S. A. Pott, John Marshall, P. P. Holmes, D. R. Semmes, and Dr. H. S. Hedges, advisory member.

MISSION STUDY.—C. W. Shaffer, E. L. Power, J. E. Bomar, P. T. Hodo, R. S. Reaves, and Prof. W. M. Forrest, advisory member.

LYCEUM.—H. H. Neff, W. E. Ewers, John Harris, Fred. Webb.

One of the most interesting visitors to the University in the spring was Sir Wilfred Laurier, ex-premier of Canada. He came to Charlottesville from Richmond, accompanied by **Sir Wilfred Laurier.** Judge Brodens, Col. and Mrs. Joseph E. Willard, and Mr. and Mrs. John Stuart Bryan. President Alderman and Judge Duke took the visitors to Monticello. On their return Sir Wilfred was introduced to the faculty and a number of students by President Alderman. In a brief address he said that he was still fighting for reciprocity, and urged the young men before him, who would soon enter public life, to do all in their power to bring about closer relations with Canada. He paid a high tribute to Virginia and the South, saying that the South had recovered from the Civil War and was now as much a real part of the Union as any other section. He praised Southerners for the manner in which they revered their leaders, though the cause for which they fought was lost.

STUDENT LIFE.

BY CHAS. N. WUNDER.

It is much to be regretted that nearly every student, who does not expect to secure some degree, leaves the University as soon as he finishes his last examination. The University **Finals.** authorities are trying to create such an interest as will induce more to stay and thus help to make Finals the great event of the year. So far these efforts have had very little effect. An attempt is also being made to have each class return at five year intervals. This has been slightly more successful. The reunion of the veteran alumni this last June, on the contrary, was a great success. About seventy-five of the hundred and ten now living were present. The University presented these noble sons of hers each with a medal of honor. The occasion was a very impressive one.

The track season came to an end on May 11 when Hopkins came here for the annual meet. Virginia won easily, thus ending a very successful year. Trainer Lannigan **Track.** serves a great deal of credit for developing such a good team from a squad composed of nearly all new material. Wylie Cooke and "Hardy" Todd were the only old men, who could be depended on to win points, that returned. But, under the training of "Pop" Lannigan, some of the new men turned out well. Notable among these are Gooch and Walter. These two, with Cooke, were sent to the Olympian try-outs in Boston. Cooke took fourth place in the 200-metre race. The other two failed to place at all in the broad jump. Cooke was elected captain of the 1913 team.

In the April issue of the BULLETIN an account of the baseball results was given to the time the team left for Carolina. The first game with the "Tar Heels" was played in **Baseball.** Greensboro, Virginia winning. But the next two games, played at Winston-Salem and Charlotte, went to Carolina. When these old rivals met on Lambeth Field on April 19 Rixey was invincible and shut out the opposing

team, allowing only four scattered hits. Lee pitched a good game for Carolina but the Virginia batters found him for nine hits and scored four runs, winning the game and tying the series.

The first game of the Georgetown series was one of the best of the season. It was a pitchers' battle between Rixey and White, with the former having slightly the better of the argument. The final score was 4 to 3 in Virginia's favor. Two games were played in Washington the next week, each team taking one. Thus the Orange and Blue was again triumphant over the Blue and Gray.

Virginia easily defeated the strong team from the University of Georgia by the score of 5 to 1 and walked over Richmond College to the tune of 15 to 4. The season as a whole was a very successful one. Out of twenty-four scheduled games, fourteen were won and nine lost. The other game played resulted in a tie with Yale, the game being played in Norfolk. The players hit well throughout the season, attaining the team average of .261. The base stealing was also exceptionally good. In Rixey Virginia had one of the best college pitchers in the country. He is now making good on the Philadelphia Nationals, having recently shut out Boston. Grant is also a good pitcher, while Finlay did well behind the bat. The team fielded well, though there were one or two weak places in the line-up. "V's" have been awarded to the following men: Neff, Douglass, Lile, Hewitt, Carter, Fitchett, Grant, Landes, Rixey, and McGuire. All of these except Capt. Carter and Rixey will return next year. Thus the outlook for 1913 is promising. Malcolm Douglass, the fast shortstop, has been chosen captain.

At the G. A. A. election held on Saturday, May 4, Carrington Williams was elected president, W. R. Cooke vice-president, and E. Finlay and R. C. Moyston members of the advisory board. The charter of the organization having expired, a new one was drawn up and adopted by the association. This charter was granted by the Corporation Commission and ratified by the advisory board. The board at once made arrangements for borrowing the funds necessary to continue the work on the concrete stadium on Lambeth Field. This work will be pushed on as rapidly as possible and will be a great improvement to the field when completed.

ALUMNI NOTES.

The annual meeting of the New York Alumni Association was held on May 29th at Hotel Brevoort. The attendance was smaller than usual, owing to the inclement weather, but the gathering was enthusiastic and congenial.

Applications for alumni scholarships were considered, and Arlington W. Porter, of Haskell, N. J., and Roy J. Scott, of Amsterdam, N. Y., were duly appointed.

The report of the treasurer showed 140 resident and 25 non-resident members, and a good balance in bank.

The following resolution was passed after appropriate remarks by President Harrison:

"Whereas death has removed from our midst one of our members, Edwin Ruthven Butler, and we deeply feel his loss, we, the members of the New York Association of the Alumni of the University of Virginia, resolve to make this public expression of our regret and our respect for his memory. We also wish to extend to his relatives our sincere sympathy and condolence.

"Be it further resolved, that this be recorded on our minutes, and that copies be mailed to the relatives of the departed, and to *College Topics* and the ALUMNI BULLETIN for publication."

The following officers were elected to serve for the ensuing year: President, Robert L. Harrison; vice presidents, William Alexander, George Gordon Battle; secretary and treasurer, Lewis D. Crenshaw; executive committee, Dr. J. Herbert Claiborne, Dr. William E. Dold, John P. East, William L. Glenn, Joseph M. Hartfield, Robert E. Henley, Henry A. Johnson, James R. McConnell, Charles S. McVeigh, Dr. William A. Murphy, Dr. Fielding L. Taylor, Walter F. Taylor, and officers *ex officio*.

Plans have been perfected for a weekly luncheon, which will be held every Thursday from 1 o'clock on at the Mills Building Restaurant, 15 Broad Street. All alumni are cordially invited to attend. Starting October 1, it is planned to have informal monthly dinners and due notice will be given of the time and place of these.

The Fredericksburg, Va., Chapter of the Alumni of the University of Virginia held its annual meeting in the courthouse in Fredericksburg on Founder's Day, Saturday, April 13, 1912. Judge A. W. Wallace, president of the association, made an informal address, in which he gave statistics regarding the material advancement of the University, and dwelt on the public service performed throughout the nation by University of Virginia men.

The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: Judge A. W. Wallace, president; Dr. S. L. Scott, vice-president; B. P. Willis, secretary and treasurer; as the executive committee, in addition to the above officers, Dr. C. Mason Smith, chairman, Judge Alvin T. Embrey, Lee J. Graves, W. E. Ennis, and Dr. G. M. Wallace. Dr. J. E. Cole, Dr. C. Mason Smith, and C. D. Foster were elected delegates to the next meeting of the General Alumni Association of the University, with the power to name alternates.

At the close of the business meeting the Chapter adjourned to the Hotel Frederick, where the annual banquet was held.

J. L. Minor, M. D. '76, of Memphis, Tennessee, was elected in the summer of 1911 to the Council of the Oxford Ophthalmological Congress in Oxford, England. Dr. Minor is a distinguished member of the West Tennessee Medical and Surgical Association, and his election to the Council is a well deserved honor.

William P. Trent, M. A. '82, has been appointed head of the history department of the Pulitzer School of Journalism. For several years Dr. Trent has been professor of English in Columbia University. His numerous text-books on American Literature have brought him into the front rank of American English professors.

A. A. Campbell, '90, has been appointed by Governor Mann to the judgeship of the Twenty-First Judicial Circuit of Virginia. Judge Campbell studied law in the University Summer School of 1889, and the winter session of '89-90, and ever since then has practiced his profession in Wythe County, Va., and the neighboring counties. Before his recent appointment by Governor Mann, he was endorsed by the bars of Wythe, Pulaski, and Grayson counties for the position.

L. Cheves McC. Smythe, M. A. '05, graduated from the Theological Seminary at Princeton in May, 1912, and was awarded the New Testament Fellowship. This Fellowship provides for a year's study abroad, and Mr. Smythe will take up residence in Berlin in July of this year.

George Arthur Paddock, LL. B. '06, was married May 18, 1912, to Miss Elsie Mauritzon, of Evanston, Illinois.

Robert Henning Webb, M. A. '06, was married June 26, 1912, to Miss Blanche Farrington Miller, of Lisbon, Ohio.

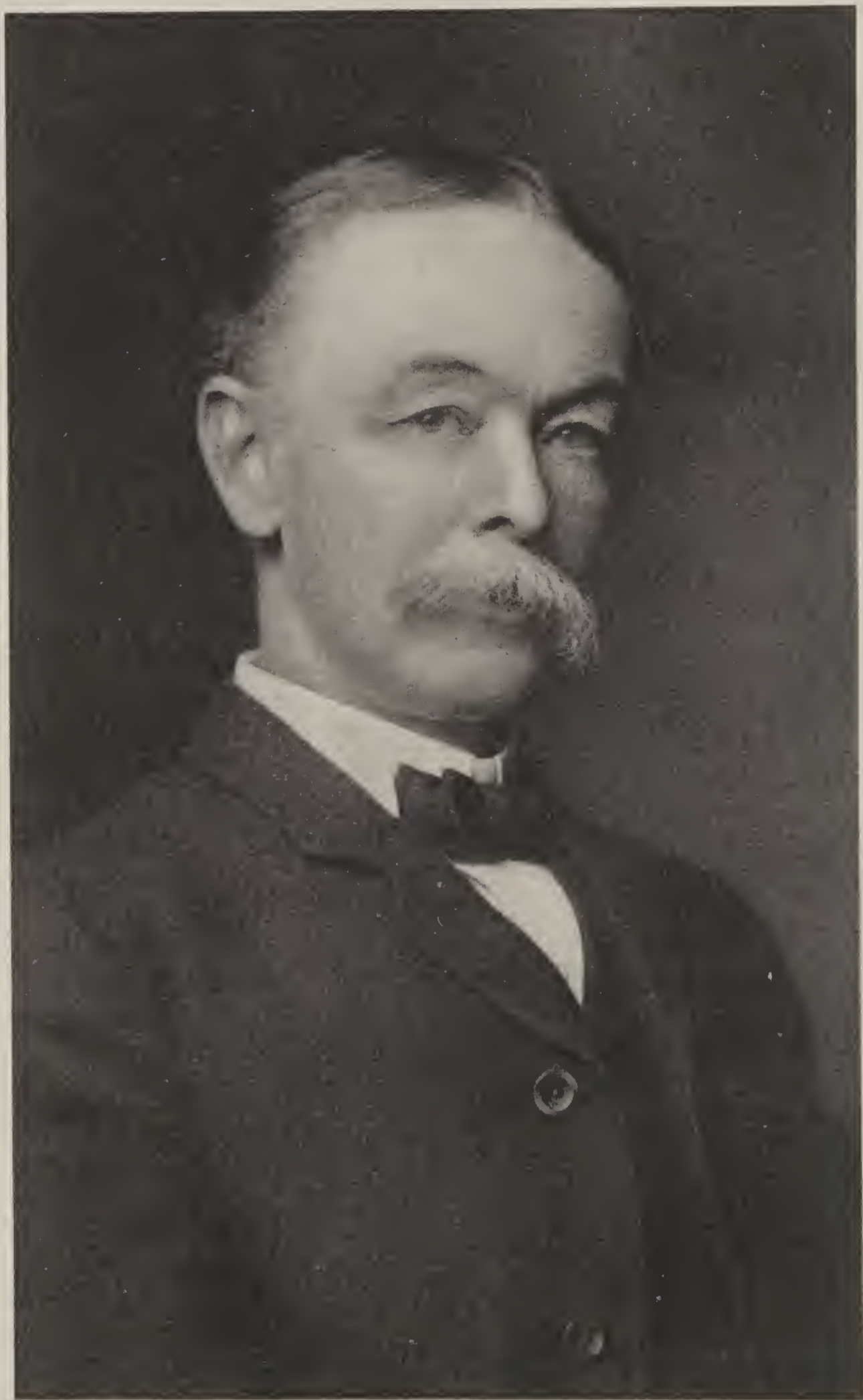
Cabell Pace Bailey, '07, was married April 24, 1912, to Miss Lynda Ross Carter, of Charlottesville, Va. Mr. Bailey is assistant to the secretary of the Charlottesville Young Men's Christian Association.

Weldon Thomas Myers, Ph. D. '12, was married June 12, 1912, to Miss Maude Kennedy, of Tampa, Florida.

DANIEL HARMON.

BY PROFESSOR THOMAS FITZ-HUGH.

Daniel Harmon was born at Alexandria, Va., on the 7th of November, 1859. When a child of eighteen months he was brought by his parents to Charlottesville, where he lived until his death on the 27th of April, 1912. He was prepared for the University of Virginia under the instruction of Major Horace W. Jones and also of Rector Armistead C. Gordon, at that time conducting a school in Charlottesville. In 1882, after two years of study under John B. Minor, he received his Bachelor of Law degree from the University of Virginia, and entered upon the practice of his profession. He formed a partnership with Mr. John W. Davis, which continued until Mr. Davis's removal to Texas. On the 9th of March, 1886, Mr. Harmon was married to Miss Fannie Murphy, of Charlottesville, Va., by whom he reared a family of four boys and three girls, the oldest daughter, Mary, being married in 1911 to Dr. Robert L. Payne, Jr., of



DANIEL HARMON

Norfolk, Va., the youngest son, Francis, being but four years old at his father's death. In 1896 Mr. Harmon was appointed by the Governor of Virginia a member of the Board of Visitors of the University of Virginia. The appointment was repeated from term to term during his remaining sixteen years of life, most of which were marked by his masterly chairmanship of the Executive Committee. On January 1, 1907, he associated with him in his legal practice Mr. H. W. Walsh, a graduate of the Harvard Law School, and this second partnership under the title of Harmon & Walsh continued to the last. His practice carried him to the Court of Appeals, the Circuit Courts, and the Supreme Court of the United States.

It was just after addressing the Circuit Court of Albemarle, presided over by Judge John M. White, that, feeling somewhat strangely, he retired to a nearby room and lay down to rest.

"As one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him and lies down to pleasant dreams."

At half-past six o'clock on the afternoon of April 27, the dreadful message of death shocked the University of Virginia and the community of Charlottesville "like the sound of the fall of an oak in the stillness of the wood." With the setting sun a nobler light had set. A friend and helper of man, in the bloom and fruitage of maturity, was gone from earth forever, and the home which he had builded with prudence and love, the community which he had guided with wisdom and virtue, and the University which he had fostered with loyalty and zeal, were left to soothe the wound of an irreplaceable loss with the balm of an ineffaceable memory:

"His life was gentle and the elements
So mixed in him that Nature might stand up
And say to all the world: 'This was a man!'"

The bare chronology of a life of fifty-two years, full-orbed as it was in all eternal values, furnishes no measure of its spiritual worth. Length of years is no criterion of immortal excellence. "The imperishable mountains are not to be rated higher than the rose, whose leaves quickly fall, and whose perfumed life is but for a season." The influences of spirit are free from the fetters of time and space: they live and expand forever in the

Empyrean of God, and their waves break in music on the shore of eternity.

Noble simplicity and quiet strength were the serene marks of his character and genius. On the stage of life he coveted no spectacular part; in its holiday seasons he was content with modest and sympathetic participation. But in the hour of storm and stress his brave hand sought the helm and his open eye the watchtower. Each critical issue of civil or political life challenged his fine intellect and enlisted his pure patriotism. In the vital counsels of his people his clear insight and masterly statement crystallized the best wisdom of the hour, and guided and determined the actions of his fellows. Family and community, Church and State, were the beneficiaries of his talents, and nothing that was good and fair and true ever lacked the sympathy of his noble heart, or the furtherance of his resourceful hand. The hand is now vanished and the voice is stilled, but the transfigured stature of Christlike manhood abides a *Κτῆμα Ἐς Ἀεί* in the annals of his people.

The lofty traits of his character and personality were reflected in his intellectual life. Thorough sanity of mind, a serene faith, and a wide outlook on God's world, were characteristic of his thought and feeling. His profound knowledge of himself led him to a knowledge of man, of nature, and of God. In the world of nature, life, and history, he saw the movement of a divine drama unfolding steadily towards a divine end. The apparent evil in things he viewed and handled as the foil and whetstone of the good. He loved the study of history—of Greece and Rome, as well as Old and New Testament. With the unfaltering trust of a nobler nature, and yet with the clear insight of critical analysis, he read the life of man and justified the ways of God.

“Er ist der Glückliche. Er hat vollendet.
Für ihn ist keine Zukunft mehr, ihm spinnt
Das Schicksal keine Tücke mehr—sein Leben
Liegt faltenlos und leuchtend ausgebreitet,
Kein dunkler Flecken blieb darin zurück,
Und unglückbringend pocht ihm keine Stunde.
Weg ist er über Wunsch und Furcht, gehört
Nicht mehr den trüglich wankenden Planeten—
O ihm ist wohl! Wer aber weiss, was uns
Die nächste Stunde schwarz verschleiert bringt!”

UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA

Charlottesville, Va.

EDWIN A. ALDERMAN, LL. D., President.

The following departments of study are represented:

I. The College.

In the College, courses are offered in the following culture subjects: Latin, Greek, French, Spanish, Italian, German, English Language, English Literature, Education, History, Economics, Philosophy, Mathematics, Applied Mathematics, Astronomy, Physics, Chemistry, General Geology, Economic Geology, Biology, Biblical History and Literature, Sociology and Public Speaking.

By virtue of the elective system, the undergraduate can select any one of a large number of liberal four-year courses, leading to the degrees of Bachelor of Arts and Bachelor of Science.

II. Department of Graduate Studies.

This department, in which the same fundamental subjects are taught as in the College, offers to Bachelors of Arts and Bachelors of Science the opportunity of specializing in such directions as they may choose and of acquiring the methods of original research. The graduate courses are intended chiefly for those who desire to take the degree of Master of Arts, Master of Science or Doctor of Philosophy, but may be taken by any student who wishes a deeper knowledge of any subject than is to be gained from the Collegiate courses.

III. Department of Engineering.

Four distinct courses are offered, leading to degrees in Civil, Mining, Mechanical, Electrical and Chemical Engineering, and requiring for their completion four years each. Graduates of College admitted with advanced standing in Mathematics and the Sciences. Special two-year courses are arranged for students who are unable to afford the time and money needed for completing the full degree course of four years.

IV. Department of Law.

The course of study is distributed over three years. The candidate for the LL. B. degree is required to attend three full sessions of the Law School. A valuable special course is provided for students who can not attend a full course, and who are not candidates for the degree. The Library facilities are excellent.

V. Department of Medicine.

Organized in 1825 this department offers thorough medical instruction in the environment of an old and famous University. The University Hospital is owned and managed by the University; advantages are given students of this department usually enjoyed only by internes.

The Entrance Requirements are the completion of a three-year high school course or its equivalent, and of good college courses in Chemistry, Biology, and Physics, French, or German.

Short courses in The College are offered for those unable to enter at opening of session. Tuition in Academic Departments free to Virginians. Loan Funds available. All other expenses reduced to a minimum. SEND FOR CATALOGUE.

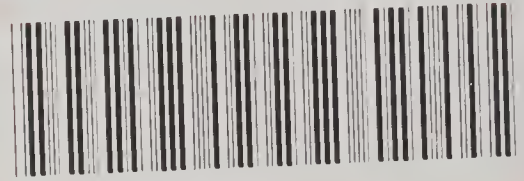
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